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SCRAPS FROM THE JOURNAL OF A VOYAGER.

DULLNESS AT SEA.

AS DAY after day the voyager beholds the endless, never varying routine of nautical duties, looks into eyes as expressionless as pebbles set into faces as torpid and more eminently stupid than those of so many owls—all so often ‘conned and learned by rote’—where all above, within, around is so lifeless and spiritless, he feels that a tornado were a blessing to be prayed for—a battle with the elements an excitement ‘devoutly to be wished,’ and to such an unprecedented height will his fever for a change be wrought, that even a speech of a Member of Congress, if it could be listened to on shore, would be heard by him with a devotedness of attention, which Calliope in her sweetest mood might challenge in vain.

Your favorite, Virgil, was sadly mistaken—Pius Æneas! that I should be so profane as to utter it!—when he says of the hoary Genitor, Neptune—‘*tumida æquora placat.*’ He never, at least in modern times, scours with his brawny steeds his limitless empire, without being preceded and followed by an array of billows, upon each of which rides a blue-devil, leaping and roaring around him, meet attendants for such a monarch.

The unlucky wight who unresistingly yields himself to his ‘spiritual’ foes, the Blues, and is ignorant of the art of economising his few amusements and occupations, where even the changes rung by Chanticleer in his orisons become matter of momentous attention and study, is sincerely to be commiserated. If unacquainted with the means of varying the subjects of his meditations, and unpractised in the *dernier* resort of finding within his own bosom the materials of that pure enjoyment which results from mental activity, he may at once present his brow to receive the impression of the seal of *Melancholy*, and stretch forth his hands in despair to be shackled by the dark spirit of *mental ennui*. Experience, in conjunction with that of a former voyage, has already convinced me that not a little exertion and ingenuity of the mind are required to keep the spirits in any kind of elasticity or tone, in a greater or less degree indispensable at all times, for instance on a ‘rainy day in a country inn,’ it is absolutely so at sea. Lest, therefore, I should feel before the termination of the voyage like selling myself, as a

fellow passenger in the superlativeness of his woe proposed to do with his own miserable *corpus*, for an 'inch of candle,' or 'a jack-knife,' I have chalked out a line of duties for the passage—writing to you being not one of the least agreeable of them—which I trust will exempt me from such a portentous fate.

PHOSPHORESCENCE OF THE OCEAN.

The brilliant appearances in the water are caused by the phosphorescence of the ocean, and are every where seen except in that stormy region, the Gulf Stream. 'This torrent, never enlivened by this cheerful glow-worm of the ocean, rolls on forever enveloped in gloom.' Something of this illumination of the sea, we had witnessed the first night we passed on the waves, but by no means such a gorgeous iridescence of its whole surface as was displayed to our eyes on this occasion. The brightness of this singular illumination varies with the latitude. In the low Southern latitudes, and in the starless midnight, the ocean seems an element of pale, liquid light. There is then a fearful sublimity written upon the sea. The order of things seems reversed and the heavens appear to reflect light from the ocean. This light, which does not radiate, resembles, if you imagine such things, liquid masses and scintillations of the common phosphorescent wood. It proceeds from gelatinous molluscae shining by their own radiance, like the fire-fly, or as we term it in New England, the lightning-bug, which renders them visible in the water. On being taken from it, and exposed to the air for a few moments they die, and the luminous appearance, which would seem to be the *visible* life of these minute animals, wholly disappears.

Doct. Coates, in a sensible and well-written essay upon the Phosphorescence of the Ocean, says 'leaning over the stern, our track resembled a large trough of fire, studded with innumerable floating lanterns, and stars, such as fall from an exploding sky-rocket. In the eddies, the whirling of those bodies produced long streams of light like serpents drawn in flame, and occasionally immense globes of fire would roll along beneath the keel at the depth of several fathoms, yet so intensely light that the little rudder fish were distinctly visible sporting beneath the cabin windows. These globes are generally as large as a flour barrel, and according to Peron and Lesseur, they are sometimes seen to reach the enormous diameter of twenty feet. I had once the gratification to observe one of these animals within a foot of the surface. It was a *medusa*, large enough to fill a bushel basket, visible in every fibre by its own illumination. At these times the crest of every wave resembles a long line of ignited phosphorus, and every dip of the oar, or plunge of the bucket, produces a flash of light, and scatters scintillations on every side. Even the larger fish, when they approach the vessel, are followed by a luminous path, like the tail of a comet, and they are often struck with the harpoon, guided by this appearance alone. The sea at times resembles a field of snow or milk, and Peron asserts that it is often tinged with prismatic colors, varying every moment.'

DECK-WASHING.

The system of deck-washing, though necessary, is most annoying to those who, after an over-night's stew in a confined state-room, love to rise early and enjoy the fresh air of the ocean. But no sooner does the early riser place his foot upon the deck, than splash, splash, comes one and then another bucket of sea water upon the deck at his feet; these are followed in rapid succession by others, until he begins to think himself involved all at once amid the tumultuous rushings of a whirlpool. Fortunate is he, if some mischievous sailor does not *very* innocently give his overflowing bucket a higher elevation than absolutely necessary, thereby rendering unexpected services towards the performance of his morning ablutions. The officer of the watch, armed with a loaded bucket, usually heads this regiment of water-gods.

Bucket after bucket, as loaded to the brim these vessels are passed to him by the men, he dashes most expertly over the deck, quarter-railings, and rigging, not even excepting the miserable, half-starved inmates of the coops, which, with their plucked brethren, rarely escape drowning in this universal deluge. Should the *amateur* of sunrise scenes, in his endeavors to escape being washed into the lee scuppers, spring to the weather side of the deck—dash! comes another compliment of the briny fluid in that direction, deluging, perhaps, the only dry place left him. He then leaps upon the hen-coop, only to spring from it again, just in time to escape a tolerable-sized Niagara from another quarter. If he jumps upon the companion-way, the dreadful bucket follows him.

This washing of decks is one of the most disagreeable varieties in the sea life of a voyager, and has a tendency to create habits of late-rising, which will be confirmed almost irremediably by a long voyage.

LONELINESS.

No object can present stronger ideas of loneliness to the mind than a solitary ship in the illimitable ocean.

‘Alone—alone—upon the wide, wide sea,’

it seems a severed link from the chain of creation! a wandering atom of an annihilated world! To wander

‘———darkling in eternal space,
Rayless and pathless.’

were not, it would seem, to be more lonely. But let the observer take wing and fly over the waves and light upon her deck and he will find her a little world within, teeming with active human beings, and resounding with

‘The hoarse command, and busy, humming din.’

There he will find authority and subjection, love and hatred, sickness and health, smiles and tears, eating, drinking, sleeping, gossiping, and all things which characterize the larger world of which it is a copy. To say that human nature is the same every where is trite enough; yet how humiliating

is the reflection that the purest star which burns in heaven, if inhabited by men, would soon become the scene of hatred, anarchy, and bloodshed! Crime would be written upon its vestal face, and impiety poison its atmosphere with her noxious exhalations.

A CASE OF LARCENY.

Among the occurrences of the day was the felonious abstraction of certain condiments from the steward's *domicilium* this afternoon, which were carefully treasured up in a snug nook of his pantry, for the edification of his own fastidious tooth, much to the very visible consternation of Topaz himself, when he glided in there after dinner, 'on dire intentions bent,' and vastly to the glorification of Ebony, which was manifested by a remarkably *open* countenance, displaying a set of ivory that would have done honor to a mastiff, he not having received an 'inwitation' to share in the stolen delicacies. Who the delinquents are, has not yet been ascertained. The cabin cat—than whom a more quiet, honest, well-disposed body never stole cream—has been suspected of being the culprit; though suspicions are strong against some one of those animals boasting fewer legs, who have just begun to 'pick up their crumbs' after a spell of throwing them up for some days past. The matter is undergoing judicial investigation in the steerage, with the steward on the bench and the little rogue of a cabin boy—who, I believe, is the black sheep, after all—as witness against Miss Tabby that *demurely* sits in the companion-way.

This is the quintessence of this day's journal, and I can make no more of it than I have already made. It is now before you. I can do no more than pen her epitaph. Even the 'ship's log,' which records for the benefit of underwriters, and all and singular therein concerned, whatever happens, from the 'stranding' of a rope-yarn and flapping of a sail, to a battle with the storm and a shipwreck, exhibits but a beggarly account of incidents for the amusements of a jury. 'Events' are scattered over its pages with the lavish frequency of 'cash entries' in a country merchant's ledger, or 'like angel's visits'—the good I mean, the bad are sociable enough—'few and far between.'

Amidst a famine you will assuredly never think of quarrelling with lean looks. Hatchet faces will then become as familiar to your eye as the edge of your own razor. Falstaffs you will not expect to meet, lumbering along through the streets, like New York porkers. There is a famine with us! an Egyptian dearth! Were my lean epistle to devour seven equally fat ones belonging to my fellow passengers, it would nevertheless still look blank in the face. Seven skeletons will not make a man. But *n'importe*—such as 'I have I give unto thee'—so, *voilà tout!*

SHIP! HO!

About midnight I was aroused from a deep sleep by loud voices and confusion on deck. I was there in a moment, and beheld dashing away to

the leeward, within twice the ship's length of us, a tall, indistinct object like a brig which had nearly come in contact with our ship by the negligence of her watch, and only through the skill and activity of our men was she enabled to clear us by running across our bows, to which she approached so near that one might have flung himself from the flying-jib-boom upon her decks. There was not a word interchanged between the vessels and not a voice was heard from her decks.

There is a terrible sublimity in the rapid rushing of a ship, in the darkness of midnight over the sea, through the impenetrable gloom, which clouds her pathway. She plunges fearlessly onward though every succeeding bound may hurl her in dreadful contact with a fellow-wanderer of the night. So man momentarily plunges into the night of futurity, thoughtlessly and irresistibly, though each successive footfall may be upon his grave.

Before going below I looked for the Packet ship we had spoken in the early part of the evening, and with great difficulty could just discern her like a shadow upon the water, less than half a mile to windward. The temporary excitement caused by the threatened concussion of the two vessels having subsided, our ship again was perfectly still; the 'watch,' *suiivant l'usage* of such guardians of the night, had settled themselves to sleep on the forecastle, the 'lookout' had stationed himself on the bowsprit, probably with a similar intention—for sailors can sleep as soundly in a perpendicular as in a horizontal position—the officer of the watch had resumed his customary walk on the weather side of the quarter-deck—the passengers had returned to finish their interrupted naps, and a general silence had settled over the ship itself like a deep sleep. As I leaned over the bulwarks, watching the waves bursting into light, like mimic volcanoes—the wind wafted over the sea from the distant ship the sound of the measured footfall of the officer of the deck as he paced his 'lonely watch around,' and as I listened more attentively, an occasional brief word of command—the rattling of cordage—the dash of a bucket at intervals over the side into the sea—the whistling of some careless seaman and the heavy flap of a sail, all mingled harmoniously from afar upon the passing wind, and as I turned to leave the deck, the loud cry of the distant 'Timoneer' and the tolling of the ship's bell, fell upon my ears with a strange distinctness. Gazing for a moment at the skies which glittered with stars, and at the sea which sparkled in rivalry of the spangled dome above it, and casting a last glance into the darkness after the fading ship, in another moment I was again stowed away in my narrow berth peopling scenes of my own creation, in the realms of dreams

'With beings brighter than have been.'

T W I L I G H T M U S I N G S .

PALE twilight comes, and all is still,
A holy time for tender thought,
Thought that subdues man's stormy will,
And warring passions are forgot.

The clouds in magic splendor roll,
Attendant on departing day,
As lingers round some heaven-bound soul
A glory as it flits away.

Twilight! I love thy holy hour,
An hour for meditation sweet;
I love thy spirit-calming power
Which makes the mind from earth retreat.

But oh! as night her curtain draws,
I love on mem'ry's wings to fly,
Revisit all my former joys
In scenes of youth, and days gone by.

Sweet hour of peace! thou makest me soar
In fancy's flight from earth away,
And could I choose my dying hour,
My choice would be the close of day.

H.

T H E T R A P P E R T R A P P E D .

BY WILL. WALTER.

Just before my worthy father's death, I was called to the bedside to receive a communication, the importance of which, the countenance of the old gentleman well indicated. In the feeble voice of an invalid he informed me that at an early age he had contracted a friendship with one John Burton, and having rendered to each other some services of vital importance, they soon became boon companions. About four years after my own birth—and a tear stood in his own eye as he alluded to the kind offices I was performing to a dying parent—Burton had also been blessed with a comely daughter. The friendship of our parents was remembered, and they instantly betrothed the two children while yet in the earliest stages of infancy, and promised mutually to use their utmost endeavors to effect our union when we should arrive at the proper age. Until that time, the contract was to remain a

profound secret to us both, our parents judging that we should be less likely to contract a dislike for each other, upon its announcement to us at a marriageable age, than from having each other's names constantly dinned in our ears until familiarity should beget contempt. Soon after this engagement, Burton had removed to a distant part of the country, and as he had never visited his early friend, it could not, of course, be presumed that their children should have the slightest recollection of each other. Frequent letters, however, had shown to my father that his friend still held in remembrance a contract which they both esteemed as sacred as any ever entered into between man and man. My father, although disclaiming everything like absolute authority in the matter, now besought me, by every tie of filial affection, to carry into effect this solemn engagement, and redeem the pledge which he had given. He then gave me a letter to my future father-in-law, and entreated me to lose no time, after proper respect to his memory, in fulfilling his dying injunction.

I was much surprised, as I naturally might be, at this, the last communication of any importance which my revered father held with his only son. He was soon after gathered to his fathers, and I found myself, at the age of twenty two, an orphan and heir to a large paternal estate. I had no very impressive idea of the strength of this early disposal of my hand and heart, but my earnest promises left me no course to pursue but that which my father had chalked out for me, although I resolved to proceed just so far, and no farther than to leave both those same commodities at my own disposal. The more reflection I bestowed upon this important subject, the less it became a burden upon my mind. I had ever been esteemed a bit of a wag, and I soon discovered that my situation afforded me a capital chance for the display of my favorite propensities. The long absence of Burton and his daughter rendered a plan of operations quite easy, and I forthwith resolved to visit my betrothed in disguise. Perhaps, I might think—and I made up my mind that it was a bare perhaps, for, contrary to the anticipations of my father, I had already begun to imbibe a passive dislike for my mortgaged property—perhaps I might fall in love with her, and then it would be funny indeed to woo her in disguise.

It was in one of the most pleasant months in the whole year, that I set forth on my long journey to accomplish my well laid plans. My second day's ride brought me to a small, pleasantly situated village, just as the sun was sitting in unclouded splendor. To detail my adventures with minute accuracy, would be to extend my simple relation beyond its proper bounds. It is sufficient for all its purposes to state, in as general terms as language will admit of, that I had the inexpressible satisfaction of saving the life of a beautiful young lady—an adventure which I accomplished with credit to my own skill and gallantry. It is while escorting her home that I prefer to resume my narrative. My fair charge pointed out as her place of abode, a small straw cottage, neatly situated on the banks of a romantic little stream that wound its way through the outskirts of the village. A small, but finely cultivated garden ran around the front, very prettily laid out and the ornamental trees and flowers disposed of with much taste and judgment. To this delightful spot I accompanied the fair lady who hung upon my arm,

and as she repeated again and again her many obligations to her preserver, spoken with the effect a blooming face and black eyes were master of, I received and accepted an invitation to call on the succeeding day.

I had proposed to journey leisurely and had the whole of a beautiful season before me, so that I felt by no means disinclined to indulge in the pleasure to be expected from a brief sojourn in a neighborhood so delightful as that in which I had at first proposed to tarry for a single night. Even upon so short an acquaintance, I acknowledge I had become somewhat unusually interested in the fair inhabitant of the straw cottage. Why should it have been otherwise with a romantic young bachelor, introduced for the first time under favorable circumstances to a young lady of singular beauty and accomplishments? The night wore slowly away, and promptly at the appointed hour I again stood at the door of the straw cottage on the banks of the rivulet. Upon previous inquiry I had learned that it was tenanted by a widow lady by the name of Parkman, and an only daughter—the latter, of course, the young girl whom I had before seen. A servant girl opened the door at which I rung, and on inquiry for Miss Parkman, I was shown into a small parlor, fitted up in a style of neatness and yet of richness not often met with in a community so retired. The windows opened upon the garden, from whence came the fragrance of flowers and fruit in fullest blossom. At the foot of a gentle decline which had been so tastefully cultivated, ran the little brook which I had before mentioned, while beyond rose hills in distant prospect, the intervening space a broad meadow, through which swept a larger tributary to the same general fund of waters. The contents of a mahogany centre-table gave indication of attention to the minds of those who oftenest frequented this delightful boudoir, richly laden as it was with the most approved authors in plain yet costly binding, and the apartment, as a whole, was one where a visitor might have searched in vain for evidence of anything like affectation or perverted taste.

The entrance of the young lady soon interrupted the survey which I had been taking of what was contained within, and the delightful prospect without, the little parlor into which I had been ushered. I was glad to perceive that a more deliberate view did not lessen the charms that had been floating through my dreams all night long. If any thing rather under the ordinary size, she was yet possessed of a figure in which there was much of majesty and command. But I may not attempt to describe features, of which I esteem it sufficient to say, they might have smitten the heart of many a bachelor much less imaginative than I ever had occasion to deny myself to be. My reception was as cordial as my fondest desires could have wished, and we chatted pleasantly upon the usual topics of a morning call. From these we advanced to others better calculated for displaying the powers of conversation which I had always deemed my strongest part, and which I found developed in my companion to no ordinary extent. I discovered no slighter charms in her manners and discourse than I had before acknowledged in her person, and I could not but delay my departure to the last moment that politeness would permit. Another young lady at length made her appearance, to whom I was personally presented—

‘Mr. Harley, my cousin Miss Parkman—Miss Parkman, Mr. Harley.’

She was truly fair, though I conceived less so than her cousin; but I felt rather inclined to look upon her as an intruder, and left the house soon after the unwelcome interruption which her entrance had occasioned.

I leave the reader to draw what inference he fairly may from the fact, not at all singular, that I considered the eminent natural beauties in the vicinity, would form a sufficient excuse for spending some four or five days in the village where I had ended my second day's ride from home. If he should chance to imagine that other beauties than those of the adjacent scenery formed the chief charm, I shall not, by premature contradiction, gainsay his right of forming such a conclusion.

I soon rejoiced to perceive that I had become no unwelcome visitor at the straw cottage, with its pretty parlor, garden, brook and prospect, and particularly to the young lady who constituted the last but surely not least of its charms. I visited it often, and was as often received with cordiality by the same dark-eyed girl with whom I had first formed acquaintance. Together we sung and played, and together rambled through the shady groves so frequent in the vicinity; we climbed the neighboring hills, and from their lofty summits often gazed on the delightful prospects which their situations afforded; we viewed every stately rock and listened to the sound of every waterfall that helped to make up the celebrity which the little quiet village had acquired for its display of nature's beautiful works. The cousin was still at the cottage, and mingled often in our social chats or rambles. From the similarity of their surnames, as I became more and more acquainted, I learned to distinguish them by their own affectionate appellations of Emily and Ann. But it was with the former I took chief, nay, I might as well say exclusive delight; and of this they both seemed well aware, for as my visits became more frequent, I saw the latter less often, until, not greatly to my mortification, she scarce ever appeared to interrupt the delicious flow of conversation that was ever maintained with the charming Emily. I could not but observe, however, as invariably as she did make her appearance, a roguish smile playing about her not unpleasant features, and I was not a little mortified at times, as I thought I perceived signs of an equivocal character pass between the lovely cousins. Still I remained and visited, and still there was no diminution of the cordiality with which I was welcomed.

Every neighboring beauty, every cascade, rock and prospect had been viewed with admiration, and yet I sojourned in the quiet village on whose outskirts lived the Widow Parkman, and her daughter, and her daughter's cousin. Every pretence was fairly exhausted, and I now stayed without any pretence whatever, save to escort once more and again through the neighboring fields and groves the lovely maid with whom I had now fairly fallen in love. I no longer felt any ability or inclination, in answer to the internal inquiries of my own proper self, to deny the result of this romantic adventure, and I was half sure that I might have safely boasted of having made a no less favorable impression on the companion of my pleasant rambles. Throwing ourselves thus frequently into each other's society, the sentiments of each on so tender a topic as that of love, could not long remain profoundly secret to each other. Of one point I was soon and easily

satisfied—that there had been still no mark of coldness in my reception, and that I had ever observed the jet black orbs of Miss Emily light up with increased pleasure every time we met in the little parlor.

But where now was the object for which I had commenced the journey that had been so pleasantly interrupted? What was become of that pledge made to a dying father, to use all my endeavors, consistent with my own honor and happiness, to bring about a union upon which both that father and his friend had set their hearts? And where, too, were those deeply matured and well-laid plans for a visit *incognito* to the daughter of my father's friend, to whom I had been thus solemnly betrothed in marriage? I surely could not be expected to reason otherwise than that my own inclinations should be the rule of action concerning a union with the unseen lady of whose name, but for this unusual instance of friendship in our parents, I should never have heard the mention; but my own breast reproached me for not paying all other due heed to the dying injunctions of my worthy sire, and for not openly and speedily cancelling that contract which I never might fulfil, while perhaps the other party was making all sacrifices to arrive at such a consummation.

Such were the thoughts that had occupied my mind, as I found myself one morning, as usual, at the door of the parlor in the little straw cottage at S—. I waited upon Miss Emily with a resolve to leave her for a brief period, sufficient to complete fully the main object of my journey, to see my father's worthy friend, and inform him explicitly how invalid I esteemed a contract affecting my heart and hand, made without the slightest idea of consulting my own inclinations. Then I had resolved to return without delay, and lay myself, heart, hand and fortune at the feet of her who had no inconsiderable share in bringing about so summary a process as that by which I had proposed to disannul the contract to which I had alluded. My reception was as cordial as ever, and we chatted familiarly for some time, ere I broached to Emily the subject of my departure. Though there was sadness in her look, the expression of sorrow was not equal to the fond anticipations which I had harbored.

'I, too, have to leave town in the morning,' she said at length, 'and I shall not, of course, be so liable to a sense of loneliness in rambling over the walks which I have of late visited in such agreeable company.'

There was not the slightest appearance of gallantry mingled with that of sincerity with which she uttered this sentence. Never was anything better said or better timed, to bring about that which I had made no preparation or resolve to conclude at this meeting. The conversation continued, however, as usual, and I regretted at every moment to take a departure which was to be more lasting than ordinary. In the fascination of her presence, I forgot by degrees the plan with which I had that morning arisen, and at length, with rising courage, I concluded that no opportunity might offer so happy for that declaration which I had resolved to postpone until my return. I told her my love in tender language that I judged had nought offensive to the ears for which it was intended, but which might sound ridiculous were it to be repeated to the reader, particularly without the expressive gestures which accompanied its first delivery. Nor shall Emily's blushing reply be trans-

ferred here, for it might sound insipid and tasteless disconnected with the ardent appeal which produced it.

Once more I bestrode my favorite steed and turned his head towards that spot in our wide country where I had been directed to seek the residence of John Burton, the old and faithful friend of my father. Due time expended in traversing the distance which had separated us, brought me into the presence of that worthy personage. I found him a rough, fat, good humored old man, desperately in love with his pipe and determined to enjoy his ease at any and every expense. I presented my credentials, or letter of introduction, and sat while he was perusing it, calmly cogitating upon the difficulty I might experience in explaining satisfactorily to the old gentleman my reasons for avoiding the engagement into which my father had been led.

'Ah, Frank,' said he, as he finished, taking his pipe from his mouth, which he had been draining by short, quick puffs, as he read the friendly epistle, 'I am glad to see you, my boy. You are as prompt as old Bob Harley himself, and have come the very day I fixed in my letter, efaith. Em. has just come home, and pants like a lovesick roe to see you. No delays, you know, and Parson Jones shall be called forthwith. Dick—stop—I recollect, I have already invited him to come this way to-day—just in time, efaith. Dick, call my daughter, you rogue.'

'I am really very sorry, Mr. Burton'—I begun to put in, seeing the necessity of an immediate explanation.

'That's too stiff by half,' broke in the old gentleman, 'for a young bridegroom to salute his father-in-law, efaith. Your father, Frank, used to call me Jack—Bob and Jack—that's the way we knew each other. Good old soul he was—God bless him—and I am sorry he has gone, efaith, I be. The old parson used to say that Æneas and Achates were never better friends than old Bob Harley and Jack Burton. I don't know who the fellows were, but this I know—they must have stuck close together in matters of life and death, to have been a touch to us.'

'Beg your pardon, Mr. Burton'—I begun again.

'There, you are starched up again. This world is growing sadly inclined to be stiff and unmannerly, efaith, Frank. There comes Parson Jones down the hill. Where the devil is Em? She should come and kiss her husband once before the wedding.'

'I am sorry to disappoint you, sir,' I put in once more, as soon as there was space; 'but really, sir, I am under the necessity of declining any part in the approaching wedding of which you speak.'

'Spoken like a boy. No dallying, Frank, efaith. There is no time like the present.'

I really beg leave to be excused, sir,' I persisted, 'and hope you will not urge the matter, until an explanation has made you satisfied that I never can become your son-in-law.'

'What the deuce—are you a son of Bob Harley?'

'I was bred up so, sir.'

'And refuse to marry my daughter?'

'You cannot, of course, expect,' I replied, 'that I should be bound by an

engagement in which my own or your daughter's inclinations have never been consulted.'

'My daughter—she loves you as her life, Frank.'

'She has never seen me, I believe, and her opinion may change.'

'But, young gentleman,' said my would-be father-in-law, rising and throwing down his pipe, as he continued with increased warmth, 'do you mean that I, old Jack Burton, should understand you, Frank R., son of my old friend, Bob Harley, that you do not intend to marry my daughter?'

'I assure you, sir,' I returned, not to be intimidated by the indications of a storm, 'that my own affections are already enlisted in another quarter.'

'That's a pretty piece of business, efaith. You may go back, Em.—the rascal is no son of Bob Harley—he is an impostor, efaith.'

I could not refrain from turning, as the old man addressed his daughter, to catch a peep at her, who was expecting to become mistress of my hand and fortune. Let that be imagined which cannot be described—my surprise at discovering her to be no less a person than the lady to whom, three days before I had betrothed myself in the parlor of the little straw cottage at S——.'

Emily explained. She had been at Mrs. Parkman's, who was her aunt, on a visit, when she first met me in the manner I have alluded to, and she acknowledged the impression my first call had made on her heart. That evening she received a letter from her father, occasioned by the news of my father's death, and for the first time informing her of the engagement which has been so often mentioned. She quickly recognised in her preserver, the son to whom she had been thus early betrothed, and recollecting the mistake under which I had labored respecting her own name, she resolved to play upon me the same trick which, in fact, I had set out from home to play upon herself. An arrangement with her cousin made this easy, and she passed with her unsuspecting lover, as the daughter of the good widow.

There was a wedding that day at Burton's, and Frank Harley, despite his determination, was fain to participate in the ceremony. He did not again refuse to marry her to whom he had been twice betrothed, and became the son-in-law of the good old campaigner.

MY SISTER'S PROPHECY.

BY MISS FRANCES H. WHIPPLE, OF RHODE ISLAND.

A simple lay is mine, devoid of art,
 Yet warmly gushing from a sister's heart,
 And let it cheer thee onward, brother dear !
 Expelling from thy spirit every fear.
A rich reward awaits thee—It must be—
 Thy generous deeds are sanctified to thee ;
 For He—the Mighty One, of yore, who said,

' Upon the waters, fearless cast thy bread,
 And, after many days it shall return,
 Bidding the soul with purer pleasure burn,'
 Hath ordered that BENEVOLENCE shall be
 Its own reward, in soothing misery ;
 That SACRIFICE OF SELF a triumph gives
 Than which no higher, holier rapture lives ;
 Then ' be not weary, yet, of doing well ;'
 For high, prophetic thoughts my spirit swell,
 Of happiness awaiting—not to be,
 As a reward, *in measure* given to thee,
 Which still thy churlish FORTUNE might deny,
 But a peculiar blessing from On High !

Forward I gaze along the path of Time,
 And lose the present in that view sublime.
 Secluded in yon valley, lone and fair,
 Behold the vine-wreathed cottage smiling there.
 Low sinks the sun to his fair western halls,
 While, scattering perfume, dew'y treasure falls ;
 The younglings to their nestling mothers cling,
 And downy chickens seek the parent wing ;
 As fresh winds wake, the roof-tree, bending low,
 Seems to partake the happiness below ;
 Now, gently bows his green majestic head,
 O'er the still waters in the fountain's bed,
 As if a spirit of devotion filled
 His massive frame, and all his strong nerves thrilled.
 The garden beauties fold their robes to rest,
 And weary wild-birds seek the far-off nest.
 From yonder hive the music-loving bee,
 Tunes for his queen the evening symphony :
 Now, the low rustle of unnumbered wings,
 Tells that their labors are forgotten things ;
 Or, else, the ruling passion, in their dreams,
 Lures them along beside meandering streams,
 Where, in the freshness of their vernal hours,
 Bloom ever-varying—never-dying flowers ;
 Now all the harsher notes of discord cease ;
 And here the weary eye might catch a glimpse of PEACE.

But hush ! The master—husband—father—now
 Appears on yonder gentle summit's brow.
 From the low window watching eyes have spied ;
 The tattling children now are at his side.
 One takes his outstretched hand—a noble boy—
 The first who woke a father's anxious joy.—
 Another chubby rogue, whose clustering hair,
 Just wildly shaken from his forehead fair,
 Arrests his footsteps with triumphant wile,
 As if he knew he wore his mother's smile ;

But these detain not ; for a joyous cry,
 Tells the fond father that his babe is nigh.
 With tottering step and round arms stretched afar,
 Her little eager voice cries out ' Pa-pa !'
 He clasps the cherub to his yearning breast,
 And soothes her half too-joyful heart to rest.
 That fairest image of the one who waits,
 Queen of the paradise within his gates,—
 With mischievous blue eye beneath a curl
 Of purest golden—ah, that little girl !
 Has touched the deepest fount of tenderness,
 And won the waters from their still recess.
 The sudden tear he dashes off in haste ;
 And while his limbs with twining arms are laced,
 With gentle chidings, though in very love,
 He struggles on—'t is difficult to move ;
 Now, passed the shadow of the peaceful dome,
 He stands within his own beloved home ;
 There welcomes him his bosom's dearest pride,
 His own pure wife—still modest as a bride ;
 Still, delicate as when at first she clung
 To his protecting nature, soft and young.
 Serenely grave and beautifully calm,
 Her heart-born smile might weariness disarm,
 And drown the very memory of pain,
 In overflowing rapture felt again.

The busy prattlers gather round his knee,
 Alternate climbing on the sole one free ;
 For little sister's wants must be supplied—
 One knee for her, and but one more beside,
 A look from the fond mother—and her son,
 Her oldest boy—her generous, noble one,
 To his still younger brother yields the right,
 And takes his little chair, with pure delight,—
 To listen to the pretty stories o'er,
 Which have been told so many times before.

In chastened loveliness, the busy wife
 Spreads the neat board with frugal plenty rife,
 Mid all that's pure and lovely, sweet and fair,
 As if Arcadia were smiling there !

* * * * *

Now, brother, now my prophecy is done—
 And, think ye, I could frame a better one ?
 ' THOU ART THE MAN.'—Such bliss will be thy lot,
 When this wild story is, perchance, forgot !

ODDS AND ENDS,
FROM THE PORT FOLIO OF AN EX-EDITOR.

NUMBER FOUR.

THE UNEXCEPTIONABLE YOUNG MAN.

CHAPTER I.

* * * 'BUT my dear Arabella, what would you have? I am sure Mr. Bluster is quite good looking; has a good face and figure—been liberally educated, and in fact, is doing an extensive business; besides to my certain knowledge, being worth fifty thousand dollars in real estate, the value of which must increase yearly: in short, he is an unexceptionable young man!'

'Humph, unexceptionable,' said Arabella Amelia Wilmot, at the same time running her fingers over the keys of a piano-forte, and humming: 'Charley is my darling, my darling.'

'And what do you mean by humph?' inquired Mama.

'Why, I don't like him; he's a fool, and too full of new plans. His money will last but a little while. He's good looking enough to be sure, as you say—but at a distance; and when he approaches, as divine Byron says,

'You start, for life is wanting there.'

'But Byron deserted his wife,' said Mama, gravely.

The conversation here ended, and Arabella resumed her song of 'Charley is my darling, my darling,' &c.

CHAPTER II—THE ELOPEMENT.

It was a beautiful moonlight evening, a few days after the conversation between the mother and daughter, that Miss Arabella Amelia Wilmot eloped with Charles Williams, a poor, but industrious mechanic, who had nothing but his tools and an excellent character, with which to push his way through the wide world. They were married, and shortly after, settled in a flourishing village in Massachusetts; and he is now a wealthy and distinguished man. Mr. Bluster having entered pretty largely, soon after, into the cotton business, became a bankrupt, and is now in the same village, making ten-penny nails!

CHAPTER III—THE SEQUEL.

Eighteen years after the nuptials of Mrs. Charles Williams, once the blooming Miss Arabella Amelia Wilmot, this lady locked up her daughter Matilda Corinna, to keep her from playing 'Charley is my darling,' and to prevent her from *running away with Charles Stimpson, a mechanic!*—having exhausted all her rhetoric in urging her daughter's marriage with a great land speculator. How different at forty felt Mrs. Williams that *was*, from Mrs. Williams at eighteen, that *was to be*. How true is the old proverb, 'as times change, we change with them!'

POLISH POETRY.—We picked up in the street the other day a small strip of newspaper, which contained a Polish monody on the death of Lafayette, from the pen of a Mr. Grylski. A translation followed the original, which was very beautiful, but how any one can string a lot of verses together in such outrageous crackjaw language, is beyond our comprehension. We copy only one verse, which looks much the easiest to read, and trust the printer will save his jaws from dislocation when setting it up. It is worse to pronounce than a pond in Worcester county, Mass.—*Chargogacogmanchogagog.*

'Runol iuz filar wolnosci Kosciola,
Wierny ieg Kaplan patryarcha ludow ;
Godnieg ohiare Ktoz sprawowac zdola ?
Ktoz chetnieg zniesie tyle nieszczesc, trudow !'

A S T O R M .

The lightning flashed—the thunder rolled, and the rain fell in torrents, as we entered a beautiful cottage surrounded with elms, standing on a rising eminence. Darkness seemed to come at once. The light of the sun was not extinguished by slow and imperceptible degrees, but on a sudden, nature seemed to be engaged in her last convulsions and soon to give away and be no more. The final decay of all things appeared to be approaching—the dread moment near at hand when time should cease to be.

But amid all the despondency which hung around, hope, the never failing source of consolation—the anchor on which hangs man's present and future prosperity, did not desert us. The hope that soon the raging tempest would cease and a quiet calm succeed, cheered our sinking spirits, with the glorious assurance that its duration would be brief—the commotion of the elements would be stayed, and all become tranquil.

For a while, time rolled its wheels heavily around. Our ears were almost incessantly assailed by the loud reports of the thunder—our eyesight dim gazing to discover some happy change in the clouds—some cessation of this elemental warfare. At length the portentous clouds and thick darkness was dispelled—the sun shone bright and peerless, and seemed to be clothed with more than usual brilliancy—seemed to rejoice that nothing intervened to hide from the earth its genial light.

At the close of the shower, gladly released from our unpleasant imprisonment, we walked out to see what ravages the tempest had made. Its progress was visible in almost every direction. Trees and fences were prostrate, and lay scattered in one undisturbed ruin. Fields of grain, wherever it swept, were levelled to the earth. Devastation was marked on every side, and in one instance, the lightning had descended upon a large and handsome barn of a farmer, well stored with the summer's grain and fruits, and his abundance was entirely consumed—nothing now remained where his treasures were placed, save the smokey ruin. Thus it is, thought we, the things of this world are fleeting; unable to impart satisfaction to the craving desires of our nature, which are constantly passing from one source

of enjoyment to another, to find some that will remain firm and unshaken among the wreck of dissolving nature.

The loss of our possessions seem to awaken our minds to the uncertainty and vanity of earthly treasures, to wean our affections from the sordid pleasures of the world, and place them where the corroding hand of destruction cannot enter, to elevate our thoughts from earth and its gratifications to happier realms and purer enjoyments.

Human life can with great propriety be compared to the tempest. At one time raging with fury, annihilating every object within its reach; at another, sinking quietly to a peaceful conclusion, after having spent its rage. So it is with man. As we glide fearlessly down life's dimpled wave, tasting constant pleasures; again tossed from object to object, seeking for satisfaction and finding it not.

OPERA GLASSES.

When we see a young lady or gentleman—a fop, for instance, with his head just peering through a pair of bushy whiskers, whose eye-sight we know to be in full vigor, sporting an ogling glass or spectacles, by way of ornament or fashion, we would laugh to scorn such conceited vanity. It is perfect folly, and inexcusable to have one of these opera glasses, with the most affected air, elevated to the level of the eye, while with a slight inclination of the body, it is impertinently thrust into a lady's face, by one of these insipid exquisites, who he is pre-determined not to know, or to stare out of countenance. Go to the Theatre—to an Oratorio—to a public lecture, or sometimes even to church, and these glasses are thrust into the very faces of modest people, by brainless boobies, who live only to cheat Tailors—to while away time in idleness, and humbug the public; and it is high time that something was done to check such downright insolence.

When real infirmity, or nearsightedness requires the use of these to assist the eye and to discern the features, or attain a glimpse of a person at a distance, one must be unfeeling as adamant, who could wound the sensibility of the sufferer; but then, to use them to quiz people in the street, and at places of public amusement, is ludicrous, and deserving of the severest reprehension.

The best remedy introduced to check this fashion at the Theatre, was related to us the other day by a friend. A Captain of one of our Nantucket whalers, an eccentric fellow, and of rather an uncouth figure, visited one of our cities after a cruise of three years, and one evening attended the Theatre. As a matter of course, such a rough dark complexioned old character, in a box with several fashionable ladies and gentlemen, attracted some considerable attention, and created much merriment among the exquisites. Several times, every opera glass in the boxes were thrust at him, until, finally aware that he was the attraction of the evening, left the house, determined to repay such impudence, in their own coin, on the following night. Accordingly, on the succeeding evening, enveloping beneath his great coat, the *ship's spy-glass*, about two and a half feet in length, he started for the

Theatre. As soon, almost, as he entered his box, the opera glasses were in commotion. He waited until the play commenced, when upon observing a young gentleman, with a cane under his arm, and a glass at his eye pointed directly at him, he drew forth from his outer garment the spy glass, and drawing it from the case the entire length, aimed it direct at the dandy, and continued to look at him until the house was in a complete uproar, and the fop, with mortification, left the box for the lobbies. This, for a while, put an end to ogling at the Theatre, but the Captain's good lesson is now forgotten in the place where it occurred, and the practice, we are sorry to say, is growing more prevalent every day. Oh, for the good old days of Adam and of Eve, when opera glasses, and their sporters were unknown.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

'They know me not'!

I.

They know me not, who deem my lot
Unbless'd, uncheer'd forever;
Tho' dark it seem, the cheering beam
Of Hope, deserts me never.

II.

They know me not, who deem my lot
Is one, which checks the flow
Of joy's full stream, or 'Love's young dream';
No! brighter still they grow.

III.

They know me not, who deem my lot
Must stamp upon my mind
An impress base, no! in its place,
Aspirings high, we find.

IV.

They know me not, who deem my lot
Will lead my steps astray;
No! purer light, than meets the sight,
Still guides me all the day.

PROTEUS.

OLD ENGLISH PROSE WRITERS.

NUMBER FOUR.

BY WALTER W. WOLCOTT.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE was educated a physician. After a few years he was allured in a measure from the practice of his profession by the splendid attractions of authorship. Having returned to London from a tour which his father-in-law had induced him to undertake as a companion for him, he published his first work, the celebrated treatise, called '*Religio Medici*,' The Religion of a Physician, a work which, we are informed, 'excited the attention of the public by the novelty of paradoxes, the dignity of sentiment, the quick succession of images, the multitude of abstruse allusions, the sublimity of disquisition, and the strength of language.' It was not originally intended for publication—it was a mere exercise of the writer, 'contrived,' as he says, 'in his private study.' It was shown to his friends, by whom it was transcribed, and afterwards, without his knowledge, published in a very incorrect manner. The great popularity of the work, even in its mutilated and incorrect state, induced the author to acknowledge it as his production and revised it for publication.

The following extract, which closes the disquisition, will give the reader a good idea of its general character.

'We term sleep a death, and yet it is waking that kills us, and destroys those spirits that are the house of life. 'T is indeed a part of life that best expresseth death; for every man truly lives so long as he acts his nature, or some way makes good the faculties of himself. Themistocles therefore, that slew his soldier in his sleep, was a merciful executioner. 'T is a kind of punishment the mildness of no laws hath invented. I wonder the fancy of Lucan and Seneca did not discover it. It is that death by which we may be literally said to die daily; a death which Adam died before his mortality; a death whereby we live; a middle and moderating point between life and death; in fine, so like death, I dare not trust it without my prayers and a half adieu unto the world, and take my farewell in a colloquy with God.

'The night is come, like to the day;
Depart not thou, great God, away.
Let not my sins, black as the night,
Eclipse the lustre of thy light.
Keep still in my horizon; for to me
The sun makes not the day, but thee,
Thou, whose nature cannot sleep,
On my temples sentry keep;
Guard me 'gainst those watchful foes,
Whose eyes are open while mine close.
Let no dreams my head infest,
But such as Jacob's temples blest.
While I do rest, my soul advance,
Make my sleep a holy trance:

That I may, my rest being wrought,
 Awake into some holy thought;
 And with as active vigor run
 My course as doth the nimble sun.
 Sleep is a death. O make me try,
 By sleeping, what it is to die;
 And as gently lay my head
 On my grave as now my bed.
 Howe'er I rest, great God, let me
 Awake again at last with thee.
 And thus assured, behold I lie
 Securely, or to awake or die.
 These are my drowsy days; in vain
 I do now wake to sleep again.
 O come that hour, when I shall never
 Sleep again, but wake for ever.

'This is the dormitive I take to bedward. I need no other laudanum then this to make me sleep; after which I close mine eyes in security, content to take my leave of the sun, and sleep unto the resurrection.

'The method I should use in distributive justice, I often observe in commutative, and keep a geometrical proportion in both; whereby, becoming equable to others, I become unjust to myself, and supererogate in that common principle, 'Do unto others as thou wouldst be done unto thyself.' I was not born unto riches, neither is it, I think, my star to be wealthy; or if it were, the freedom of my mind and frankness of my disposition were able to contradict and cross my fates; for to me avarice seems not so much a vice as a deplorable piece of madness. To conceive ourselves urinals, or be persuaded that we are dead, is not so ridiculous, nor so many degrees beyond the power of hellebore, as this. The opinions of theory and positions of men are not so void of reason as their practised conclusions. Some have held that snow is black, that the earth moves, that the soul is air, fire, water; but all this is philosophy, and there is no delirium, if we do but speculate the folly and indisputable dotage of avarice to that subterraneous idol and god of the earth. I do confess I am an atheist; I cannot persuade myself to honor that the world adores. Whatsoever virtue its prepared substance may have within my body, it hath no influence nor operation without. I would not entertain a base design, or an action that should call me villain, for the Indies; and for this only do I love and honor my own soul, and have methinks two arms too few to embrace myself. Aristotle is too severe, that will not allow us to be truly liberal without wealth and the bountiful hand of fortune. If this be true, I must confess I am charitable only in my liberal intentions and bountiful well-wishes. But if the example of the mite be not only an act of wonder, but an example of the noblest charity, surely poor men may also build hospitals, and the rich alone have not erected cathedrals. I have a private method which others observe not. I take the opportunity of myself to do good. I borrow occasion of charity from my own necessities, and supply the wants of others when I am in most in need myself; for it is an honest stratagem to take advantage of ourselves, and so to husband the acts of virtue, that where they are defective in one circumstance, they may repay their want and multiply their goodness in another. I have not Peru in my desires, but a competence, and ability to perform those good works to which He hath inclined my nature. He is rich who hath enough

to be charitable ; and it is hard to be so poor, that a noble mind may not find a way to this piece of goodness, " he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." There is more rhetoric in that one sentence, than in a library of sermons ; and indeed, if these sentences were understood by the reader with the same emphasis as they are delivered by the author, we needed not those volumes of instructions, but might be honest by an epitome. Upon this motive only I cannot behold a beggar without relieving his necessities with my purse, or his soul with my prayers. These scenical and accidental differences between us cannot make me forget that common and untouched part of us both. There is, under these centos and miserable outsides, these mutilate and semi-bodies, a soul of the same alloy with our own, whose genealogy is God as well as ours, and in as fair a way to salvation as ourselves. Statists that labor to contrive a commonwealth without poverty, take away the object of charity, not understanding only the commonwealth of a Christian, but forgetting the prophecy of Christ.

'Now there is another part of charity, which is the basis and pillar of this, and that is, the love of God, for whom we love our neighbor ; for this I think charity, to love God for himself, and our neighbour for God. All that is truly amiable is God, or, as it were, a divided piece of him, that retains a reflex or shadow of himself. Nor is it strange that we should place affection on that which is invisible. All that we truly love is thus. What we adore under affection of our senses, deserves not the honor of so pure a title. Thus we adore virtue, though to the eyes of sense she be invisible. Thus that part of our noble friends that we love is not that part that we embrace, but that insensible part that our arms cannot embrace. God being all goodness, can love nothing but himself and the traduction of his holy spirit. Let us call to assize the loves of our parents, the affections of our wives and children, and they are all dumb shows and dreams, without reality, truth, or constancy. For, first, there is a strong bond of affection between us and our parents ; yet how easily dissolved. We betake ourselves to a woman, forget our mother in a wife, and the womb that bare us in that that shall bare our image. This woman blessing us with children, our affection leaves the level it held before, and sinks from our bed unto our issue and picture of posterity, where affection holds no steady mansion. They, growing up in years, desire our ends ; or, applying themselves to a woman, take a lawful way to love another better than ourselves. Thus I perceive a man may be buried alive, and behold his grave in his own issue.

'I conclude therefore and say, there is no happiness under (or, as Copernicus will have it above) the sun, nor any 'crambe' in that repeated verity and burthen of all the wisdom of Solomon, 'All is vanity and vexation of spirit.' There is no felicity in that the world adores. Aristotle, whilst he labors to refute the ideas of Plato, falls upon one himself ; for his 'summum bonum' is a chimera, and there is no such thing as his felicity. That wherein God himself is happy, the holy angels are happy, in whose defect the devils are unhappy, that dare I call happiness. Whatsoever conduceth unto this way, with an easy metaphor, deserves that name. Whatsoever else the world terms happiness, is to me a story out of Pliny, a tale of Boccace or Malizspini, an apparition or neat delusion, wherein there is no more of happiness

than the name. Bless me in this life with but peace of my conscience, command of my affections, the love of thyself and my dearest friends, and I shall be happy enough to pity Cæsar. These are, O Lord, the humble desires of my most reasonable ambition, and all I dare call happiness on earth; wherein I set no rule or limit to thy hand of providence. Dispose of me according to the wisdom of thy pleasure. Thy will be done, though in my own undoing.'

'*Hydriotaphia*, Urn Burial, or a discourse on the Sepulchral Urns found in Norfolk,' ranks as high as any of Sir Thomas Browne's works. It discovers an extensive knowledge of the funeral rites and customs of the ancients, and abounds in classical lore. The style is admirable. Purity and ease, at times accompanied by uncommon strength, are its prominent characteristics, as the annexed extract fully shows.

'But the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the merit of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity. Who can but pity the founder of the pyramids? Erostratus lives that burnt the Temple of Diana; he is almost lost that built it. Time hath spread the epitaph of Adrian's horse, confounded that of himself. In vain we compute our felicities by the advantage of our good names, since bad have equal durations; and Thersites is like to live as long as Agamemnon. Who knows whether the best men be known, or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot than any that stand remembered in the known account of time? Without the favor of the everlasting register, the first man had been as unknown as the last, and Methuselah's long life had been his only chronicle.

'Oblivion is not to be hired. The greater part must be content to be as though they had not been, to be found in the Register of God, not in the record of man. Twenty-seven names make up the first story,* and the recorded names ever since contain not one living century. The number of the dead long exceedeth all that shall live. The night of time far surpasseth the day; and who knows when was the equinox? Every hour adds unto that current arithmetic, which scarce stands one moment. And since death must be the Lucina of life, and even Pagans could doubt whether thus to live were to die; since our longest sun sets at right declensions, and makes but winter arches, and therefore it cannot be long before we lie down in darkness, and have our light in ashes;† since the brother of death daily haunts us with dying mementos, and time, that grows old itself, bids us hope no long duration, diuturnity is a dream and folly of expectation.

'Darkness and light divided the course of time, and oblivion shares with memory a great part even of our felicities, and the smartest strokes of affliction leave but short smart upon us. Sense endureth no extremities, and sorrows destroy us or themselves. To weep into stones are fables. Afflictions induce callosities, miseries are slippery, or fall like snow upon us, which, notwithstanding, is no unhappy stupidity. To be ignorant of evils to come, and forgetful of evils past, is a merciful provision in nature, whereby we

* Before the flood.

† According to the custom of the Jews, who placed a lighted wax candle in a pot of ashes by the corpse.

digest the mixture of our few and evil days, and our delivered senses not relapsing into cutting remembrances, our sorrows are not kept raw by the edge of repetitions. A great part of antiquity contented their hopes of subsistency with a transmigration of their souls; a good way to continue their memoirs, while, having the advantage of plural successions, they could not but act something remarkable in such variety of beings, and enjoying the fame of their passed selves, make accumulation of glory unto their last durations. Others, rather than be lost in the uncomfortable night of nothing, were content to recede into the common being, and make one particle of the public soul of all things, which was no more than to return into their unknown and divine original again. Egyptian ingenuity was more unsatisfied, contriving their bodies in sweet consistencies to attend the return of their souls. But all was vanity, feeding the wind and folly. The Egyptian mummies, which Cambyzes or time hath spread, avarice now consumeth. Mummy is becoming merchandise, Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsam.

‘In vain do individuals hope for immortality, or any patent from oblivion, in preservations below the moon. Men have been deceived even in their flatteries above the sun, and studied conceits to perpetuate their names in heaven. The various cosmography of that part hath already varied the names of contrived constellations. Nimrod is lost in Orion, and Osiris in the Dog-star. While we look for incorruption in the heavens, we find they are but like the earth, durable in their main bodies, alterable in their parts; whereof, beside comets and new stars, perspectives begin to tell tales, and the spots that wander about the sun, with Phaeton’s favor, would make clear conviction.

‘There is nothing strictly immortal but immortality. Whatever hath no beginning, may be confident of no end; which is the peculiar of that necessary essence that cannot destroy itself, and the highest strain of omnipotency to be so powerfully constituted, as not to suffer even from the power of itself. All others have a dependent being, and within the reach of destruction. But the sufficiency of Christian immortality frustrates all earthly glory, and the quality of either state after death, makes a folly of posthumous memory. God, who can only destroy our souls, and hath assured our resurrection, either of our bodies or names hath directly promised no duration. Wherein there is so much of chance, that the boldest expectants have found unhappy frustration; and to hold long subsistence seems but a space in oblivion. But man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave, solemnizing nativities and deaths with equal lustre, nor omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infamy of his nature.

‘Life is a pure flame, and we live by an invisible sun within us. A small fire sufficeth for life; great flames seemed too little after death, while men vainly affected precious pyres, and to burn like Sardanapalus. But the wisdom of funeral laws found the folly of prodigal blazes, and reduced undoing fires unto the rule of sober obsequies, wherein few could be so mean as not to provide wood, pitch, a mourner and an urn.*

* According to the epitaph of Rufus and Beronica in Gruterus.

Five languages* secured not the epitaph of Gordianus. The man of God lives longer without a tomb than any by one, invisibly interred by angels and adjudged to obscurity, though without some marks directing human discovery. Enoch and Elias, without either tomb or burial, in an anomalous state of being, are the great examples of perpetuity, in their long and living memory, in strict account being still on this side of death, and having a late part yet to act upon this stage of earth. If in the decretory term of the world, we shall not all die but be changed, according to received translation, the last day will make but few graves; at least, quick resurrections will anticipate lasting sepultures. Some graves will be opened before they be quite closed, and Lazarus be no wonder; when many that feared to die shall groan that they can die but once. The dismal state is the second and living death, when life puts despair on the damned, when men shall wish the coverings of mountains, not of monuments, and annihilation shall be courted.

‘While some have studied monuments, others have studiously declined them; and some have been so vainly boisterous, that they durst not acknowledge their graves; wherein Alaricus seems more subtle, who had a river turned to hide his bones at the bottom. Even Sylla, who thought himself safe in his urn, could not prevent revenging tongues, and stones thrown at his monument. Happy are they whom privacy makes innocent, who deal so with men in this world, that they are not afraid to meet them in the next; who, when they die, make no commotion among the dead, and are not touched with that poetical taunt of Isaiah.†

‘Pyramids, arches, obelisks, are but the irregularities of vain-glory and wild enormities of ancient magnanimity. But the most magnanimous resolution rests in the Christian religion, which trampleth upon pride, and sits on the neck of ambition, humbly pursuing that infallible perpetuity, unto which all others must diminish their diameters, and be poorly seen in angels of contingency‡

Pious spirits, who passed their days in raptures of futurity, made little more of this world than the world that was before it, while they lay obscure in the chaos of preordination and night of their forebeings. And if any have been so happy as truly to understand Christian annihilation, ecstasis, exolution, liquefaction, transformation, the kiss of the spouse, gustation of God, and ingression into the divine shadow, they have already had a handsome anticipation of heaven; the glory of the world is surely over, and the earth in ashes unto them.

To subsist in lasting monuments, to live in their productions, to exist in their names and predicament of chimeras, was large satisfaction unto old expectations, and made one part of their Elysium. But all this is nothing in

‘Nec ex
Eorum bonus plus inventum est, quam
Quod sufficeret ad emendam pyram
Et picem quibus corpora cremarentur,
Et præfeca conducta et olla empty.’

* Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Egyptian, and Arabic, defaced by Licinius the Emperor.

† Isaiah xiv, 9, et seq.

‡ Angelus contingentie, the least of angles.

the metaphysics of true belief. To live indeed, is to be again ourselves, which being not only a hope but an evidence in noble believers, 't is all one to lie in St. Innocent's churchyard,* as in the sands of Egypt,† ready to be anything, in the ecstasy of being ever, and as content with six feet as the "moles" of Adrianus.‡

—————"Tabesne cadavera solvat
"An rogos, haud refert." Lucan.

'Enquiries into Vulgar and Common Errors,' was the second work of Sir Thomas Browne. It is a production founded on observation and books, partaking of the dry, quaint style which so strongly characterized the writers of his day. It is a rare pleasure to recur occasionally to books written in that peculiar style, so different from that of the present time. It is, indeed, 'pure English undefiled.' Such authors should be studied closely, that we might imbibe their spirit, and infuse it deeply into our own writings.

The following 'of speaking under the rose'—*sub rosa*—gives one an idea of the origin of the phrase.

'When we desire to confine our words, we commonly say they are spoken under the rose; which expression is commendable, if the rose, from any natural property, may be the symbol of silence, as Nazianzen seems to imply in these translated verses;

"Utque latet rosa verna suo putamine clausa,
Sic os vincea ferat, validisque arctetur habenis,
Indicatque suis proluxa silentia labris."

And is also tolerable, if by desiring a secrecy to words spoke under the rose, we only mean in society and compotation, from the ancient custom in symposiac meetings to wear chaplets of roses about their heads; and so we condemn not the Grecian custom, which over the table describeth a rose in the ceiling. But more considerable it is, if the original were such as Lemnius and others have recorded, that the rose was the flower of Venus, which Cupid consecrated unto Harpocrates, the god of silence, and was therefore an emblem thereof, to conceal the pranks of venery; as is declared in this tetrastich:

"Est rosa flos Veneris, ejus quo facta laterent,
Harpocrati matris, dona dicavit Amor;
Inde rosam mensis hospes suspendit amicis,
Convivæ ut sub ea dicta tacenda sciant."

'OF THE PARING OF NAILS. The set and statutory time of paring of nails and cutting of hair is thought by many a point of consideration; which is perhaps but the continuation of an ancient superstition. For piaculous it was unto the Romans to pare their nails upon the Nundinæ, observed every ninth day; and was also feared by others in certain days of the week, according to that of Ausonius, "Ungues Mercurio, barbam Jove, Cypride crines," and

* In Paris, where bodies soon consume.

† Beneath the pyramids.

‡ A stately mausoleum, or sepulchral pile, built by Adrianus in Rome, where now standeth the Castle of St. Angelo.

was one part of the wickedness that filled up the measure of Manasses, when 't is delivered that "he observed times." *

OF THE DEVIL. A conceit there is, that the devil commonly appeareth with a cloven hoof; wherein although it seem excessively ridiculous, there may be somewhat of truth; and the ground thereof at first might be his frequent appearing in the shape of a goat, which answers that description. This was the opinion of ancient Christians concerning the apparition of Panites, Fauns, and Satyrs; and in this form we read of one that appeared unto Anthony in the wilderness. The same is also confirmed from expositions of Holy Scripture; for whereas it is said, "Thou shalt not offer unto devils," the original word is "seghnirim," that is rough and hairy goats, because in that shape the devil most often appeared; as is expounded by the rabbins, as Tremellius hath also explained, and as the word Ascimah, the god of Emath, is by some conceived. Nor did he only assume this shape in elder times, but commonly in later days, especially in the place of his worship, if there be any truth in the confession of witches, and as in many stories it stands confirmed by Bodinus. And therefore a goat is not improperly made the hieroglyphic of the devil, as Pierius hath expressed it. So might it be the emblem of sin, as it was in the sin-offering; and so likewise of wicked and sinful men, according to the expression of Scripture in the method of the last distribution, when our Savior shall separate the sheep from the goats, that is, the sons of the Lamb from the children of the devil.

OF LIGHTS BURNING BLUE. That candles and lights burn dim and blue at the apparition of spirits, may be true, if the ambient air be full of sulphurous spirits, as it happeneth oft times in mines, where damps and acid exhalations are able to extinguish them, and may be also verified, when spirits do make themselves visible by bodies of such effluvioms. But of lower consideration is the common foretelling of strangers, from the fungus parcels about the wicks of candles; which only signifieth a moist and pluvous air about them, hindering the avolation of the light and favillous particles; whereupon they are forced to settle upon the snast.

The complete works of Sir Thomas Browne, including his *Life and Correspondence*, have recently been published in London. A recent number of the *Edinburgh Review* contains an admirable article on his merits; one of those sterling articles which occasionally appear in that celebrated work. The reader will be well repaid for the time spent in a perusal.

* 2 Chronicles, xxxiii. 6.

THE WRECK.

From 'The Sea,' an unpublished Poem.

MIDNIGHT and silence on the waveless sea !
 Like to a giant in deep slumber bound
 The ocean rests—wild will its waking be !
 Along the deck the seaman on his round
 Doth slowly walk, impatient of some sound
 Or gleam of light his lonely watch to cheer—
 Dark thoughts have in his bosom entrance found—
 Thoughts of his home and all his heart holds dear,
 Come thronging on his mind, with something like a fear.

Should he that distant home behold again ?
 Should those he loved e'er meet his warm embrace ?
 A thousand doubts and fears crowd on his brain ;
 And moving onward with a hurried pace,
 He strode the deck ; as if he would efface
 The boding thoughts that shook his soul with dread :
 Oft, too, his searching eyes were turn'd to trace
 Some cheerful sign. Dense blackness overspread
 The scene—so still, the very elements seem'd dead !

But lo ! a flash shoots through the cheerless gloom—
 Like the glance of a dark and angry eye—
 Another—and more bright :—Anon the boom
 Of distant thunder peals along the sky—
 The chariot of the Storm-god rolling by !
 A surging sigh, as from a sleeper's breast,
 Breaks from the sea in echoing reply :
 The slumbering waves, rous'd from their peaceful rest,
 Vault proudly up, each with a gleaming crest.

Out from the south there stole a flickering breeze—
 It lull'd again : anon a stronger blast
 Swept with a moan along the troubled seas :
 Puff followed puff, until, aroused at last,
 The spirit of the storm rode shrieking past !
 Nor power nor skill that gallant ship avail—
 Careering low, she bends her stubborn mast ;
 Then rising slow, with rent and flying sail,
 She dashes on, the sport and plaything of the gale !

' Deep calleth unto deep !' The giant waves,
 Like mountains lift their white tops to the sky—
 The struggling bark no more their fury braves ;
 Now buried 'neath a surge—now borne on high,

The sport of every wave that dashes by,
 She plunges on ; loud thunders peal o'erhead,
 And all around the hissing lightnings fly.
 The stoutest heart is overcome with dread,
 And shrieks of wild despair tell that all hope has fled !

* * * * *

The morning dawn'd—above a shatter'd wreck
 A sea-bird flutter'd with a weary wing.
 The winds were hushed, but still high o'er the deck,
 As if in triumph, each proud wave did fling
 A cloud of foam : thereon no living thing
 Was seen :—in the loose shrouds, with matted hair
 And livid face, one ghastly corpse did swing—
 Clench'd teeth and eyes that gave a fearful stare,
 Expressing agony intense—wildest despair !

And this is he who yearn'd so for his home
 And those who centred there ! Far, far away,
 Within a mountain cot—a humble dome—
 A young and anxious mother day by day
 His coming waits—her only hope and stay.
 Alas ! thou widowed one—thy prayers are vain—
 The greedy sea will not give up its prey :
 Thy child will ne'er behold its sire again,
 Nor e'er *his* clasping arms thy sinking form sustain !

C. P. 1.

EDWARD STANTON.

As, among instruments adopted to the measurement of time, one may observe many degrees of variance in the finish of the material, and the delicacy and exposure of the machinery, more particularly between the huge clock which ticks behind the door of the lowly cottage, and the pretty delicate thing on the mantelpiece of my lady, who might have reason to fear that some slight breath of air would endanger its reputation for veracity ; so among mankind, it would require, methinks, no very close observation to detect many shades of difference, as to human sensibility. Some seek the public arena, and there attempt to support falsehood or wrong with the most unblushing affrontery ; some are diffident only when they endeavor to give the appearance of justice to injustice, right to wrong, while others are too distrustful of themselves, even to assert their own rights, and are disturbed by the near approach of the critic, as the sensitive plant by the human touch.

During one of the sporting excursions which I took with a friend, in the town of —, it happened that unusual success, and incessant exercise in a fine atmosphere, for three hours or more, had given me a very keen appetite.

Such an appetite, I will venture to affirm, Mr. Editor, as you city folks never enjoy, except, perhaps, when a *timely* peep at a good *timber* tract, or a trip 'o'er the tossing sea,' may have given you a relish for such homely fare as baked beans and pork. A prodigious appetite, thought I, but how is it to be gratified, here in the woods, and two miles, for aught I know, from any human habitation? This mental query was scarcely proposed, when arriving at the stump of a tree, my companion suddenly halted, and then throwing down his game, and leaning his gun against the said stump, pulled from his pocket a small oval box, which he opened, and exhibited, to my infinite satisfaction, some eatables. Considerate old fellow, he had seasonably provided for the wants of the animal part, believing, no doubt, that a meagre luncheon is sometimes better than a savory feast, or at least more portable. Having in some measure appeased our hunger, the next step was to find wherewith to quench our thirst. My companion, who acted as guide, bethought himself a moment, and then shouldering his musket and securing his game, he struck off into a foot path, which led out upon an open tract of land of some twenty acres, the centre of which was occupied by a low house and stable. Approaching near these buildings, we found a fine spring of water, with a barrel sunk into it, so that the water might be dipped with convenience. Having assuaged our thirst, my attention was drawn to the house, for it had the appearance, externally, of having been much better built than others in the vicinity. Yet the grass that had grown up around the door and outhouses, gave indication that it had been for a considerable time untenanted.

'Let us go in and examine the premises,' said my companion, at the same pushing open the outer door, which stood ajar. On entering, we found the same thorough finish as that observed on the outside. But the whole then wore an air of complete abandonment. In one room were a few broken chairs, the floor having much the appearance of a sheep-fold. While in another room, letters and papers, both of a public and private nature, had apparently been taken from an old desk, which occupied one corner, and strewed about the room in utter confusion. My curiosity was now not a little excited by such an aspect of things, and by a few hints thrown out by my friend, who forthwith proceeded to give me a brief explanation in substance as follows.

The buildings were erected by Major Stanton, who emigrated hither from the Granite State, about ten years since, having obtained a title to a goodly number of acres of wild land in the vicinity. He was a man just past the meridian of life, of correct principles, of a liberal education, and of agreeable manners, though somewhat eccentric. He was therefore a person of some consequence in the new town of ———. He had a right to all the emoluments and privileges appertaining to the important office of Justice of the Peace. Town offices were heaped upon him with an unsparing hand by the popular voice, and what is a little remarkable in these days of political feuds, chicanery, and management, these tokens of public honor were not in this instance sought after; they were a spontaneous tribute of respect for modest merit. Such popularity, however, great as it was, afforded a gratification vastly inferior to that which he enjoyed when in the bosom of

his family. Here it was that he tasted the purest pleasures, in an affectionate intercourse with his wife and only child. Of the latter, a son, I intend to give a more particular account, for he was a singular being.

Edward Stanton possessed a mind so pure, sensibilities so acute, that he seemed ill constructed by nature for such a world as ours. His existence, like that of the exotic plant, was destined to be brief, and was only perpetuated for a while by the utmost care and sedulous attention. He was remarkable for a precocity of intellect; while at the Academy of ———, at the age of twelve years, the gems of his extraordinary mind began to be developed the most brilliant of the youthful cluster around him. But in the shade of parental affection, they sparkled and shone the brightest. Much of the time spent by other lads in idleness or sport, was by him employed in receiving wisdom from the lips of his parents, who were often enraptured and sometimes a little perplexed by the nature of his questions. He was diffident, and exceedingly shy of strangers. When lads of his own age have called at the cottage to invite him to join them in their youthful pastimes, he has been known to avoid them by a rapid retreat to the neighboring thicket, where he would spend hours in solitary meditation. Strange as it may appear that one so young should shake off the joyous fellowship of youth and put on the garb of melancholy, yet, by all who knew the feelings of the boy, he was dearly beloved. And how could it be otherwise? He was so tender of the feelings of others, so keen in moral discrimination, that the least suspicion that he might, in any manner and however undesignedly have wounded the feelings of another, would induce him to seek forgiveness at the first opportunity, and that, too, in a truly penitent manner. On the other hand, whenever he was the injured party, he sought redress only by gentle expostulations. Some may call this trait of his character a weakness. If it is a weakness it is a lovely one; a weakness more worthy of admiration than the dazzling display of princely power or military pageantry.

The son being now thirteen years of age, his father permitted him, unfortunately, after much solicitation, to pursue his studies preparatory to entering college, at home. I say unfortunately, for one of such keen sensibilities as this lad possessed should have been kept as much as possible among the throng, that he might the better try his own strength, and learn, as it were, to buckle on the armor of indifference for a contest with the world. Two or three years more passed away, and the period was at hand when our student was to leave the quiet home, endeared to him many fold for the very seclusion which it afforded, to dwell among strangers. The fall of 1833 was a period to which he seemed to look forward with intense solicitude. His eyes would sparkle when told of the intellectual enjoyments that awaited him at college, but were cast down when anything was said of the mad frolics, and the too general disposition for criticism among collegians; and being excessively diffident of his own powers and acquirements, he looked upon the preliminary examination as a fearful thing; the bugbear being clothed in more than ordinary terrors. Such anxiety, together with close application, had gradually undermined his feeble constitution. His fragile form became emaciated, and his dark eyes glistened with an unnatural lustre. The fond

parents were now alarmed, perceiving that they had been urging their son to a course which they found would lead to the chambers of death. They forced him from his studies, but it was too late. The golden chord had been struck, its vibrations paralyzing both mind and body. And when the morning of the day arrived, once appointed for his departure, he was found in his chamber a lifeless corpse. * * * *

The mother died in a few weeks of a broken heart. The father fled from the objects that could but remind him of the total wreck of his dearest affections, and the cottage was left to his own loneliness. Some say that it is haunted ; and as my informant finished his account, I could almost fancy that the shade of the tender youth hovered around us, and invited this humble and passing tribute to his memory.

E. E.

THE BASIS OF REFORMS.

MORAL and political reforms are the watchwords of the day ; and an almost universal desire to discuss and establish the principles of truth and justice by which man is to be governed pervades the public mind. The unalienable and equal rights of man, freedom of thought, freedom of expression, and freedom of action are terms which have hitherto received, both in practice and theory, the most singular and contradictory definitions of any terms in the compass of human language. Religion, philosophy, superstition and infidelity ; unlimited despotism, pure democracy, and the offspring of both united, peace and war, order and confusion, have all given, and with every changing circumstances have modified, their definitions of the principles of rational liberty. In that form the examination of nearly all the governments with which past history and present time make us acquainted, together with the principles upon which they were founded and sustained, the only legitimate conclusions would be that man was born to be the dupe of sophistry and the subject of apprehension. History, in giving us the facts, gives us the reason for so much discordance. Tyrannical power, party spirit and self-interest, in the thirst for revolution, have stifled the voice of reason, and have sought to establish favorite doctrines instead of investigating the nature and operations of those laws which must ever govern man in the social state. The spirit of reform, in most instances, has fallen into the same errors by passing from one extreme directly to its opposite, emerging from the darkness and heavy damps of oppression into an atmosphere so exhilarating and attenuated as to produce a species of insanity which blinds the mind to truths the most obvious. But the true principles of liberty are not necessarily involved in utter obscurity. The rights of man are not a fable. Attendant circumstances, however, must define and mollify, must fix the limits and restraints which determine them. Hence, 'to form a free government,' says Burke, 'that is, to temper together the opposite elements

of liberty and restraint in one consistent work, requires much thought, deep reflection, a sagacious, profound, and combining mind—qualities, we may add, which disappear in political reforms just in proportion as party spirit and excitements increase.

It is a principle supported by every correct interpretation of history, that with a variety of situation and character, there must be a corresponding variety of government. The utmost stretch of liberty which could be granted to one people, would be tyranny unsupportable if imposed upon another. The system under which we live would have no applicancy to the ferocious tribes of Patagonia, and but little to the dissolute, revolutionizing character of the French. This principle is so plain that beyond the statement of facts no process of argumentation can make it plainer. It appeals not so much to the season as to the understanding.

There may then be disqualifications for the enjoyment of freedom—disqualifications both of an individual and national character which may render a community unworthy and incapable of self-control. The abuse or destitution of these national faculties which hold that commanding, living relation to the social compact which the faculties of the soul hold to the body, elevating its countenance towards the heavens, directing its energies to noble purposes, with a skill superior to all mechanical power—the destitutions of these national faculties is the absence of all right to republican freedom. To throw power into the hands of such a people would be ‘folly sublimed to madness.’ The result would be inevitable anarchy, which, though it often has such an exterminating tendency as to destroy itself by consuming the materials that supported its existence—by involving all in general destruction—yet sometimes lives by its tenacious law of misery, and lets the body exist while it murders the mind. And in the contentions of opposing interests, in the struggle of one party upon universal license, and of the other to impose tyrannical restraints, those principles which elevate society are undermined and destroyed, and there is nothing left to become the source, or even we might almost say, the subject of any regenerating influence. ‘It is not in the roar of faction which deafens the ear and sickens the heart, the still small voice of liberty is heard. She flies from the disgusting scene and regards these struggles as the pangs and convulsions in which she is doomed to expire.’

To men whose moral powers have not been elevated, whose minds history hath never enlightened, nor experience sobered, nor enterprize made active, republican freedom is the heaviest of curses and the most intolerable of despotisms. Over them law, which they can neither modify or resist, law sustained by competent power, must reign with strict, stern, and watchful care until they are disciplined and prepared to exercise the rights of freemen. If any man objects to this, let him read the history of the South American Republics. Let him look at the altar of liberty there annually ‘begrimed with blood and mire, profaned by hecatombs of human victims. The idea of giving all men in the same degree, without regard to character, the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, is worthy only of the enthusiast and the misty dreamer of abstractions. The simple truth which I wish to advance, is this; that virtue, intelligence and integrity of character are the

only basis of freedom and equal rights, and that as a corollary from this every political reform must be based upon wrong principles which aims to revolutionize a people without making these qualities the primary, essential prerequisites.

Oppression, (which, in some sense, is the object of all reforms) in its very worst aspects, consists not mainly in the slavery of the body, in the derangement of the social relations, in the infliction of corporeal suffering. There is even a partial remedy for these in the beast-like stupidity it causes—a reactive influence of evil against evil. Oppression consists in its effects upon the deathless soul, making all dark and hard within. It blunts every refined and elevated sensibility. It takes the mind free, elastic, supple, and in the course of time, by slow degrees, with murderous intent compresses it, enchains it, and transforms it to a petrified mass deprived of all self-recovering, self-expansive power. What is liberty to men in this condition? Give it to them and the fountain of their misery still remains full. You have closed one of its outlets only to make more turbid and destructive the waters which must rush through others. You have indeed cut down the tree, but remember ‘there is hope in a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and though the root thereof wax old in the earth, yet through the scent of water it will bud and bring forth boughs like a plant.’ *Political reform* that which constitutes a revolution, should always be based upon *moral* and *intellectual reform*. To make the former the foundation, and the latter the superstructure, is inverting the order of nature and trampling upon every fixed principle in the philosophy of human character and of human history.

The whole of life when properly regulated is, in some respects, a process of moral reform. Changes are perpetually occurring. As the powers of manhood are developed and brought into action, it is necessary to impress upon them a correct, permanent character, to restrain and govern the waywardness of passion, and to purify away the dross of earthliness. If this be not done, men must degenerate in physical and mental character. The constitution of society is somewhat analogous. We may say of it as of the human frame, ‘it is fearfully and wonderfully made.’ Moral disease works dark and fearful havoc within it, and moral health gives it a freshness and beauty more grateful to the mind than the most perfect workmanship of God in the visible world. For with this moral health and vigor, comes all the virtues and graces which adorn and ennoble mankind. Sculpture, painting, music and poetry, chastened by purity of taste, breathe into the soul an ideal of abstract excellence which fills it with elevating emotions. Philosophy and science add to it an expression of sterner dignity, and religion controlling all, prepares it for, and directs it to, its true destiny. But the social organization is never thus perfect, is always more or less diseased.—Institutions and customs strengthened by firmly rooted prejudices, grow up with its growth and strengthen with its strength. They send out their branches through every part of a community, interwoven into a kind of net work or cellular tissue which gives form and character to the whole, and bends together the weak and the strong into a system of mutual dependency and support. These institutions and customs receive their origin from the people. Hence they are standing visible monuments of what the people are, the very expression

of their habits of thoughts, and principles of action—the offspring of those prolific energies of man's spiritual nature which are ever seeking to perpetuate themselves in more tangible forms. But suppose that some of these customs and institutions are corrupt. Then what must be the nature of those moral efforts which are to effect a reform? They may assume two characters,—first, of direct hostile attack; or second, of mild persuasion and of calm convincing argument. The latter is the mode we would briefly defend, and this consists in *disseminating truth* more than in *attacking error*. Truth, it is granted, in its own nature is the *antagonist, the enemy*, of all error. But still there is a most important distinction referred to, which many reforms seem to contemn. One example, if we could properly present it, would fully explain my meaning and sustain the position. If we could divest it of all that is sacred and holy, of all that awes the mind and bids officious cavilling ‘go to its own place,’ we would then allege the mode of enforcing truth and of combatting error pursued by the twelve fishermen of Gallilee and their Master, supported as it is by the demonstrations of history, as the most philosophically adopted to amuse the ultimate triumph of a just cause. Thrown into the midst of society whose institutions were all to be reformed being composed of superstition, slavery and tyranny, they did not directly attack them, though they feared not the powers of earth or hell. Carefully and toilsomely they planted, almost unobserved, the seed of truth, and watered it morning and evening with their blood and tears, until it sprang up and flourished and became a great tree and filled the whole earth, and soon the rank weeds of oppression and falsehood grew pale and perished beneath its shade. The soil which nourished them gave up its strength to more healthful roots.

The spirit of a man, said Solomon, will *sustain his infirmities*, and there are few proverbs which contain so much truth and philosophy. It is not in consonance with human nature to acknowledge weakness or submit to dictation. The free, proud spirit is not easily subdued by force. It stands firm against the onset. You may attempt to overwhelm it, but 'twill rise up beneath the load. Surround it with multiplied obstacles and its powers are only wakened into action, and when met with unfeeling, invincible opposition on every side, it prepares for the desperate and final struggle or calmly nerves itself for strong and high endurance. These feelings, founded in nature, are cherished by the circumstances of life and makes every system of hostile attack worse than hopeless in effecting reform. But on the other hand there is a power in argument and persuasion when called forth by the generous sympathies of our natures and enforced with calm and dignified firmness, and evinced as sincere by a noble sacrifice of personal interest. There is a power in this which the human heart cannot resist.

COLLEGE THEMES.

BY 'NEMO.'

Read o'er this :
 And after this : and then to breakfast, with
 What appetite you have. *Shakspeare, Henry VIII.*

I.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE FINE ARTS

UPON THE MORALS, REFINEMENT, PATRIOTISM AND RELIGION OF A PEOPLE.

'It may sound fine in the mouth of a declaimer, when he talks of subduing our appetites, of teaching every sense to be content with a bare sufficiency, and of supplying only the wants of nature—but is there not more satisfaction in indulging these appetites, if with innocence and safety, than in restraining them. *Goldsmith.*

MANY inveigh loudly against the cultivation of the Fine Arts, influenced by the feelings, which in the above passage are so justly rebuked, and support their opinion by argument here decided to be false. The more innocent pleasures which a man hath at his command, the less likely is he to be allured from the path of duty—the better is he guarded from those pursuits which tend to diminish his usefulness and impair his virtue. The imagination is the faculty by which these are to be enjoyed. By its influence is man drawn from the debasing sway of sensual passions, and raised to the enjoyment of those polite and refined pleasures which are in accordance with his elevated nature, and which are fitted to improve and expand his high intellectual and moral powers. For such pursuits, few possess a relish, and accordingly in the language of the Spectator 'their first step, out of business, is into vice or folly.' Viewed in this light, the fine arts must be admitted to exercise a favorable influence upon the *morals* of a people. If they do not render them pure and preserve them uncontaminated, they are at least calculated to encourage that 'sensibility of feeling;' under which 'vice,' it has been said 'loses half its evil by losing all its grossness.*

Of their influence upon the *refinement* of a nation, there can be but one opinion. The more the imagination is cultivated, the more is the character improved, the higher the individual rises in the scale of being. His taste is chastened, his feelings are refined, and a corresponding change is visible in his behavior and deportment. He looks upon every thing with new views. He is able to appreciate the beauties of nature, and comprehend the wonders of creation. He enjoys pleasures to which before he was a stranger, and finds himself capable to delights which to others are unknown. 'He can converse with a picture and find an agreeable companion in a statue.†

* Burke.

† Addison.

Their influence upon *patriotism*, it is not so easy to determine. Some have supposed that the more primitive the character of a people, the fewer their wants and the more simple their habits, the stronger will be their attachment to the land of their birth, and the greater their readiness to stand forth in its defence, but we think on the contrary that the farther society advances, the closer becomes the tie which connects its members. When the happiness of one depends upon the whole, he is more likely to lend them his support than when he is perfectly independent. The fine arts, when in a flourishing condition imply an exuberance of wealth, a condition in which the necessities of life exist in abundance and the people have leisure to cultivate the pleasures of taste and the imagination. When they are better fitted to understand the relation in which they stand to their country, and better prepared to perform the duties which they owe to her; than when their whole time is employed in acquiring a subsistence, and attention to the wants of the body supercedes the cultivation of the powers of the mind, 'you will find,' says Goldsmith, 'poets, philosophers and even *patriots*, marching in luxury's train.'

The last point, their influence upon *religion*, although in theory it might be maintained to be favorable, must in practice be decided to be adverse. 'T were useless to adduce the devotional thoughts and holy feelings which may be excited by the contemplation of scripture paintings, and sacred statues, for the general character of the subjects of the pencil and the chisel is not such as to justify the application. That the art of Painting might be made subservient in some degree to the interests of religion; there is little doubt but this, like other sciences

' Strained from that fair use,
Revolts from birth, and stumbles on abuse.'

But we should not condemn the arts for their abuses, nor imagine that because sometimes prostituted to serve the basest passions of our lowest nature, they cannot be made subservient to the fairest and noblest faculties which belong to our highest. The imagination may be polluted and pampered until it leads to pestilence and death. But its cultivation does not necessarily imply such a result. If it did, then in the beautiful language of Verplank, 'Perish forever the breathing thoughts, the winged words, the living images of beauty.'

II.

CHARLES FIFTH.

' Fame is the shade of immortality,
And in itself a shadow.'

Young.

BUT few instances occur in history, of Princes or of those in the possession of power and influence relinquishing them, with all the honors and excitement of a public life, for the still retirement of a private course. Of these few, the resignation of CHARLES VTH, of Germany of his crown and kingdom in favor of his son, is especially interesting, as strongly displaying the character of the man, and as showing the different effect which a long life

of glory and renown had upon him from that which it would have produced upon the mind of another. And although to some it may appear to have been caused by a vitiated taste or a perverted judgment. Although some may consider it the effect of an idle caprice, or a mistaken policy, yet when we remember the scenes amid which his former life had been passed, and the close acquaintance, which he must necessarily have formed with men and manners, the knowledge he must have acquired of the human heart in all its intricacies and windings, the deceit and falsehood which he must daily have seen practiced, and above all the egotism and selfishness which he must everywhere have beheld, we must admit that other causes than a mere idle whim, or a desire for change actuated him in the course which he pursued.

Charles Vth was a man of distinguished genius, elevated at an early age, to the crowns of two large and powerful monarchies, he was for sometime assisted in the management of his kingdom, by the celebrated and experienced *Ximenes*, who by his talents prepared the way for his subsequent glorious, if not happy reign. On his election as Emperor, after the death of Maximilian, his claims were disputed by Francis Ist of France, with whom he soon after came to an open rupture, and after a long and doubtful contest, the peace of Cambray, the conditions of which were in his favor, put an end to the war. A few years afterwards when assembling an army against the Turks, multitudes both of Catholics and Protestants, flocked to his standard; and having compelled Solyman to retreat, he undertook an expedition against Tunis, reinstated the Dey, and released 20,000 christian slaves. This success, while it increased his popularity, gave to his character somewhat of the chivalric, and greatly promoted his political projects. After a long series of victories, his good fortune at last forsook him, and meeting with several defeats and disappointments, which, for a time rendered him gloomy and dejected, when he saw his plans frustrated and the number of enemies increasing, he resigned to his son his hereditary states, and retired to the seclusion and severity of a monastic life. He learned from long experience, that happiness was not to be found within the precincts of a court, amid the splendor of palaces, or in the glory of the field. Although surpassed by none in his knowledge of mankind, his cool judgment, his steady perseverance, his wise policy, and his high station; although possessed of power, wealth, influence, all that in the opinion of the world is requisite to happiness, he only learned from their possession, their inadequacy in prosperity to confer peace; in adversity to convey comfort. The fortune which had smiled upon his every undertaking, which had wafted to distant lands the glory of his arms, and the greatness of his power, suddenly changed, and with it departed that ambition which had guided and upheld him in his long career; and harassed by his enemies and deserted by his friends, the powerful, the glorious, the ambitious Charles sought that happiness which the world had denied him, in the charms of solitude and the duties of *Religion*.

III.

THE COMPARATIVE MERITS OF A PRIVATE AND PUBLIC
EDUCATION.

— ' Culture's hand
Has scattered fragrance o'er the land ;
And smiles and fragrance lull serene
Where barren wilds usurped the scene.
And such is MAN—a soil which breeds
Or sweetest flowers, or vilest weeds ;
Flowers lovely as the morning's light,
Weeds deadly as the Aconite ;
Just as his heart is trained to bear
The poisonous weed, or flowret fair.'

Bowring.

' EDUCATION is four-fold. *Moral*, which teaches *duty* in order to make us good ; *mental*, which instructs us in valuable *knowledge*, and *its right use* ; *social* which regulates the *affections* and *manners* ; and *physical*, which constitutes *health*.

Grimke.

It might be readily supposed that the question before us, involving as it does man's best interests, and so closely allied with his nearest happiness, would ere this, have been indisputably settled on a sure basis, by the joint researches, and single testimony of Philanthropists of past ages. And although the prevalence of *public education*, might appear to prove clearly, its superiority over *private*, yet the comparative merits of the two systems form a question which is frequently started, and almost as frequently left undecided. Perhaps one cause of this is, the different lights in which education is viewed by different persons. Some consider it as touching merely the exercise of the mental, and developement of the physical powers, while others more justly regard it, as embracing also the culture of the heart, as controlling not only the intellectual, but the moral faculties ; as refining the feelings, purifying the affections, elevating the thoughts of men ; preparing them for usefulness here, and happiness hereafter. At the first view of public education as conducted in this country, it would appear but little calculated to exercise this influence. We see a youth of warm and generous feelings, as yet untainted by contact with the world ; innocent in thought, and guiltless in action, torn from the home of his childhood and the companions of his earliest years, bound to him by the choicest ties, endeared by the tenderest associations, and thrust suddenly into a crowd of strangers. The beaming eye of his affectionate mother, no longer meets his gaze ; the prattling laugh and joyous mirth of his brothers and sisters has ceased to fall upon his ear. For the first time in his life, he is *alone*, with none to participate in his hopes, none to sympathize with his fears. This to be sure, does not continue forever. In the formation of new friendships, the excitement of new associations, the thoughts of home, occur less continually, and the features of those who were dearest and nearest, flit but occasionally across his view ; but ere this happiness, a change has come over his spirit—the primitive simplicity, the unsullied freshness of his childhood has departed, 'old things are passed away, and behold all things are become new.' The discipline to which he is now subjected, is probably more strict and rigorous than he has ever before encountered. He is bound by more numerous

restraints, urged to greater application, while the motives which hitherto impelled him onward, have ceased to act. Instead of being gently moved by love, he is now goaded on by fear. The persuasive voice of his father is exchanged for the threats of a master, the eloquent smile of his mother has given place to the terrors of the lash. The tender feelings of his heart thus blunted, he yields readily to the dictates of his passions. Encouraged by the example of his companions he seeks rather to elude the vigilance, than deserve the approbation of his guardians; and when detected in an offence, instead of being softened to submission by an appeal to his conscience or his feelings; stung by the disgrace of corporeal punishment, he is only hardened into obstinacy. We have looked thus far on the dark side of the picture. We have considered its evils, distinct from its advantages. That speaking in a moral point of view, private education is far preferable to public, for boys who have not yet, in the language of the prayer book, 'come to the years of discretion'—we think there can be little doubt. None can be so well suited to train the youthful mind, to guide aright, the youthful heart, as those who are bound to them by affection's strongest ties. In the tuition of a parent, love takes the place of coercion; the best feelings of the child are continually enlisted—and though perhaps he may not make the same progress in his studies as one educated in the manner I have described, his moral training is infinitely more important, and if he make not a brighter scholar, he will probably be a better man.

One word upon *corporeal punishment*, as a part of education, either public or private. It is a system of which we cannot too strongly express our abhorrence. Not that we speak from personal experience, for *we* were educated under a milder sway; but it is a system so repugnant that its existence in this enlightened age seems an anomaly difficult to understand. To attempt to govern '*man* the noblest work of God'—to rule his mind, that glorious endowment, that divine essence, that ethereal spirit which renders him a little lower than the angels, to govern this by the arbitrary application of the lash, seems equally degrading and unnatural. To guide the soul capable of argument and open to conviction, by the same instrument you would drive a beast, is, to say the best of it, unphilosophical in the extreme. That it is an unnecessary experiment has fully proved. That it is degrading to the character, injurious to the feelings, destructive to a spirit of independence and fatal to individual self-respect, experiment has also too clearly shown, and theory and practice, experience and reason combine to stigmatize the system as altogether barbarous.

But to proceed with our enquiry, the emulation which always arises in a public school, whatever may be its influence in a moral point, none will deny to be useful in encouraging application and perseverance, and exciting a desire for improvement and a love for study. The regular routine and order to which the scholars are subjected, disposes and enables them to form those methodical habits so useful in after life. But we think the chief advantage of public education is, the knowledge of the world which it teaches, the practical character it is calculated to form. The open, innocent unsophisticated youth when he first enters a public school, thinks all is innocent and guileless as himself, and such is the confiding trustfulness

which nature has implanted in our souls, that he may long be the easy dupe of the crafty, the unsuspecting tool of the wicked before his eyes are opened, and he learns to distinguish between the plausibility of profession and the honesty of truth. Here he sees the first sprouts of that evil nature of which in manhood he is to behold the fruits. By the petty vexations and inconveniences to which he is exposed, he is hardened in frame, strengthened in mind and prepared for the endurance of the greater hardships he is likely to encounter. Thus endued with some knowledge of the world, taught to trust to his own judgment, to depend upon his own exertions, he enters upon life practically fitted for the performance of its duties, qualified for the enjoyment of its blessings, and fortified for the sufferance of its ills.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THREE EXPERIMENTS OF LIVING. Boston: Wm. S. Damrell, Samuel Colman.

WAYS OF LIVING ON SMALL MEANS. Boston: Light and Stearns.

FOURTH EXPERIMENT OF LIVING. Boston: Otis Broaders & Co.

These little works are well suited to the times. So sudden has been the change from a season of unexampled prosperity to another of almost unexampled adversity, so fatal to the peace and happiness of the greater portion of society, under such a state of things it is but proper to consider the causes which have conduced to bring about such a result. One great reason of the distress which has every where prevailed the community may be deduced from the *manner of living* for the few past years. That such has been a prominent cause no one can doubt on sober reflection. To put our fellow-beings on their guard against the repetition of another occasion of suffering from a like source is the principal object of these well-timed works. Their unprecedented sale is an argument of the greatest weight in their favor. They are written in a plain, easy, and vigorous style, and are well adapted to the comprehension of every one.

The 'Three Experiments of Living'—'living within the means, living up to the means, and living *beyond* the means'—is the production of a lady, Mrs. Lee, of Boston. We understand that she is now engaged upon a continuation of the work, all of which Mr. Colman proposes to publish in an uniform series, and in a popular form. Such works should be found in every family—they cannot but have a great effect upon almost every reader. The following extract shows the result of 'living *within* the means.'

We fear there are few who sincerely repeat 'Give me neither poverty nor riches.'

This was the situation to which Frank had attained. Blest with health, a promising family, respected as a physician, and cherished as a friend; with the wife of his youth, the partner and lightener of his cares,—it seemed as if there was little more to desire. We talk of the blessings of an amiable disposition;—what is it but the serenity of a mind at peace with itself—of a mind that is contented with its own lot, and which covets not another's! They sometimes

made a morning call at the houses of the rich and fashionable; but Jane looked at the splendid apartments with vacant admiration. It never for a moment entered her head that she should like such herself. She returned home to take her seat by the side of the cradle, to caress one child, and provide for the wants of another, with a feeling that nobody was so rich as herself.

'It would be pleasant to dwell longer on this period of Dr. Fulton's life. It was one of honest independence. Their pleasures were *home* pleasures—the purest and the most satisfactory that this world affords. We cannot but admit that they might have been elevated and increased by deeper and more fervent principle. Nature had been bountiful in giving them kind and gentle dispositions, and generous emotions;—but the bark, with its swelling sails and gay streamers, that moves so gallantly over the rippling waters, struggles feebly against the rustling wind and foaming wave. Prosperous as Frank might be considered, he had attained no success beyond what every industrious, capable young man may attain, who, from his first setting out in life, scrupulously limits his expenses within his means. This is, in fact, to be his text-book and his ægis. Not what others do—not what *seems* necessary and fitting to his station in life—but what he, who knows his own affairs, can decide is in reality fitting. Shall we, who so much prize our independence, give up, what, in a political view alone, is dross, compared to independence of character and habits? Shall we who can call master spirits from every portion of our land, to attest to the hard-earned victory of freedom and independence give up the glorious prize, and suffer our minds to be subjugated by foreign luxuries and habits? Yet it is even so; they are fast invading our land; they have already taken possession of our sea-ports, and are hastening towards the interior. Well may British travellers scoff, when they come against us, and see our own native Americans adopting the most frivolous parts of civilized life—its feathers and gewgaws—our habits and customs made up of awkward imitations of English and French; our weak attempts at aristocracy; our late hours of visiting, for which no possible reason can be assigned, but that they do so in Europe! Let us rather, with true independence, adopt the good of every nation—their arts and improvements—their noble and liberal institutions—their literature—and the grace and real refinement of their manners; but let us strive to retain our simplicity, our sense of what is consistent with our own glorious calling, and above all, the honesty and wisdom of living within our income, whatever it may be. This is our true standard.—Let those who can afford it, consult their own taste in living. If they prefer elegance of furniture, who has a right to gainsay it? But let us not all aim at the same luxury. Perhaps it is this consciousness of unsuccessful imitation, that has given a color to the charge made against us, by the English, of undue irritability. Truly, there is nothing more likely to produce it. Let us pursue our path, with a firm and steadfast purpose, as did our fathers of the Revolution, and we shall little regard those who, after receiving our hospitality, retire to a distance, and pelt us with rubbish.

The unfortunate result of 'living *beyond* the means,' we hope every man will take the opportunity of ascertaining by possessing himself of this little volume.

The second work—'Ways of living on small means'—is from the pen of Dr. W. A. Alcott, author of the 'Young Man's Guide.' It contains many valuable hints on living, though he goes farther on some points than we think advisable. It is too strongly tinctured with the author's peculiar notions—too much Grahamism for us, still we would not, by any means, be thought to have a wish to condemn the book. Far from it, but who will agree with the author in such a position as follows?

'The custom of burning fuel in large open fire-places, or stoves, besides injuring the eyes and stomach, and destroying much property and sometimes, by sitting clothes on fire, a few lives, is a great waste. Use a close stove, furnished with a good supply of pipe of suitable size; and thus, at once, save property, health and life.' (?)

The remarks on 'Books' are much to our mind.

'I have spoken of the folly of purchasing every new book. Nothing is more disgusting than to witness the practice, now becoming common in certain walks of life, of 'swallowing,' as fast as it appears, all the miserable trash of the present day. There are multitudes who do this, or aim to do it. There are multitudes

who make it their point to read—I do not say digest—every light affair, in the shape of a new book, especially with a foreign aspect and shape.

‘Now it is this sort of spending time and money that I complain of, and not the purchase of those sensible books which occasionally make their appearance. I would have every family, by living on small means, save a part of their income, be it more or less, in getting together a snug family library. But it should be well selected, and should contain a pretty full proportion of the excellent books of the past century, which were not made by “steam”—books, I mean, which were studied before they were written; as *Pilgrim’s Progress* and *Butler’s Analogy* were—books, which cost their authors perhaps twenty years’ labor.

‘Many books of the present day are no doubt equal, in point of internal excellence, to the books of the past, but they are “few and far between.” Too many are made in great haste. One popular work in existence was written, so the author himself told me, in nine evenings; evenings of fatigue, too, after he had gone through with the professional duties of the day.

‘Some persons, persons of great worth, too, who live in cities and large towns, say they do not purchase any books at all; that they do not pretend to have a library of their own; that they go to the Athenæum or Circulating Library for their books.

‘Now if every person could have access to such a place as the Boston Athenæum, I would not so much regret his relying thereon for his books; though even then I think a family library, well selected and assorted, exceedingly useful in the right education of one’s self, one’s companion, and one’s own children. I regard a library, such as a family library should be, as a great dictionary, to whose respective volumes, as to so many pages of an extensive vocabulary, your wife, or the children whom God has given you, may turn for daily instruction. I am not much of a “reader through” of volumes, and do not recommend this trait of character in others. I remember it is said of Dr. Johnson, that giant of English literature, that he never read any book *through* but the Bible. I presume, however that he had a good library—not a collection of such stuff as many of the popular works of the day—but such a collection as a mind like his would be apt to make, and would be willing to lay before the minds of others.

‘As to our circulating Libraries, so far as I am acquainted with them—and I have known many—they are poor concerns. You may indeed find a good book now and then; and if they were what they should be, they might be very useful indeed. But as they generally are now, you might as well look for the wholesome “bread of life”—rational food, I mean—at a fashionable table, as for a due supply among their contents of food for the intellectual and moral being—the education of the immortal spirit. This, however, is as much the fault of the community as of those who get up those libraries.

‘Besides a family library, there should be good village, or parish, or town, or church libraries; selected upon principle. I mention church libraries, because it is so difficult to select public libraries good for any thing which shall not arouse sectarian jealousy, that I have sometimes thought the best plan would be to have a library connected with each church and congregation. Not that I would select even then a large proportion of religious books; but only that if any such books were selected, they might not create disturbance and jealousy.

‘All these things are compatible with living on small means. In short, one great object, I say again, of living on small means, in regard to physical matters, is to gain time and means to do something for the moral part of man. It is exceedingly painful to see a whole community calling itself a rational—nay, a christian community—devoting its mighty powers, collective and individual, aided, too, by the mighty mass of labor-saving machinery of the present day, to feeding, and clothing, and pampering and indulging the body. But so it is. The immortal mind may starve!—or at least, may content itself—poor thing!—with half an hour’s attention in twenty-four; and it may be truly thankful for even that.’

‘The Fourth Experiment of Living’—‘Living without the Means’—is said to be written by H. Hastings Weld, as well as by some half dozen others. The author, whoever he is, is no casual observer of passing events. Though he disclaims the intention that any thing in his book should ‘be construed or twisted into any thing like a portrait or satire upon any *one* person living or dead,’ still we seriously incline to the opinion that ‘*many a one*’ will find in it something to ‘fit’ himself. He says ‘for random hits, he cannot of course be held accountable,’ but he further remarks, ‘if there be none, he will hold himself accountable for

so much time misspent as was occupied in putting this tract together.' Well he may venture the remark, for he will find no one to arraign him on this score. Let every person possess himself of these books, and if we have not told the truth of them, we will take them off his hands.

THE BRAMBLE, An expose of Temperance Societies, formed on the plan of total abstinence. By John Gregory, Woburn, Mass.

THE HOE, designed to uproot the BRAMBLE of John Gregory of Woburn, Mass. Second edition.

Mr. John Gregory evidently views this matter through a disordered medium. That there is cause for complaint, in a measure, in relation to the extent to which the Temperance principle has been carried, we do not for a moment doubt. Every candid and impartial man will concede this much. But when an evil is to be remedied, there is a certain degree of policy necessary in order to attain the desired end. Mr. Gregory seems to have lost sight of this important step, and his whole Bramble, 'root and branch' must needs go for nothing. How many will he convert to his 'temperate' (?) doctrines by such farrago as is contained in the following extracts?

'It matters not with these people how intemperate they are in their measures; no matter how many they abuse and insult, but believing the 'end justifies the means,' they ridicule all who come not up to their standard of perfection. They point the finger of scorn at those temperate men whom God loves, and all good men should esteem, because their views of temperance harmonizes not with their own. And if a temperance man is seen in the day time going to the store after wine or strong drink, his motives are called in question, his character assailed, and he is called 'worse than a drunkard.' But wait till after dark, with a bottle under his cloak, the professed abstinence man will, like a thief in the night, steal along to the store where the 'critter' is retailed, give the store keeper a sly wink, ask for *oil*—deprecate the traffic made in *alcohol*—return home in deep distress for the fate of his fellow mortals, and is only relieved by a double portion of that *oil*, purchased under the garb of hypocrisy! No matter how corrupt people become, they may serve the devil all their days if they will only join an abstinence society.'

* * * * *

'If the friends of total abstinence would only be temperate in their measures, they might gain more proselytes (and I am confident they would more credit) among men. But they, like the advocates of all false doctrines run into extremes, and are not disposed to hear but one side of the question. When a man engages in the work he professes much benevolence for his fellow men, and would not do any thing to wound a person's feelings. This is a very fair profession, and would to God he would practice it. But wait until he is fairly initiated into office, clothed with a 'little brief authority,' he soon grows warm in the subject, and before he knows what he is about he conjures up the inhabitants of the infernal pit, places the *grim Old King* behind a hogshead of rum in a distillery—sets him to retailing *Bibles and Rum*—blackens the characters of respectable people, and throws the community into disorder and confusion! Inquire the motive he has in thus disgracing humanity, and you will be gravely told—It is done out of pure 'disinterested benevolence.' Benevolence indeed! Why a man might as well set fire to his neighbor's house and plead benevolence as to blacken his character and ruin his reputation.'

Such rant will never 'summon all creation to the universal triumph, of John Gregory's Temperance doctrine.

'The Hoe' is thus made to dig about the first extract we have made, and in every position it is made to 'uproot' the thorny 'Bramble.'

'Our author goes on to say that the temperance man will not enter a grog shop or store in the day time, but that under cover of night, he will go in with a bottle under his cloak and, giving the store keeper a sly wink, inquire for *oil*, and, go home with something stronger. This piece of blackguardism hardly deserves a serious reply. We have heard drunken hostlers and tavern loungers tell the

same story—but even if *one* hypocrite did ever practice such a piece of deception, Mr. Gregory may claim him as a proselyte gained from the temperance ranks, as one who was leagued with him in his 'good cause,' but secretly for fear of the Jews—and like the young man in the scripture while saying 'I go not sir,' still went, and did his master's bidding. Is it not evident that the man who went to buy spirits could not be an abstinence man? So that Mr. Gregory finds fault with him for doing what he, himself, approves. If it is our duty to partake of wine and strong drink, why call the man a hypocrite for so doing what he, himself, approves. What! a hypocrite for professing to be *not so good as he really is*? I always supposed that hypocrites were those who pretended to be better men than they really were; but if abstinence is wrong, and a man pretends to abstinence while he follows up Mr. Gregory's *holy practice* of taking two or three glasses a day, he is no more of a hypocrite than the man who would accuse himself of vanity or pride while every one knew that he was as free from those failings as it was possible for human nature to be. Mr. Gregory, must lay to this man the charge of a very tender conscience—he did indeed drink some, but still considered himself an unprofitable servant and unworthy to be ranked with the pious drinkers, crying out, 'Alas! I am the chief of sinners—woe is me! I am an abstinence man!'

Mr Gregory has most certainly 'scratched out both his eyes' by jumping into this 'Bramble bush,' and if, as did a certain 'wondrous wise' man of old, he could jump into 'another' and 'scratch them in again,' we should speedily recommend the measure. The following are the two concluding paragraphs of 'The Hoe.'

'But Mr. G. will not be satisfied until he has converted the universe to the glorious cause of *moderate drinking*—a cause which this recreant minister of Christ labors with all his powers to establish—plucks from the holy scriptures the few texts which he imagines permit a glass or two—and instead of throwing in his mite toward helping on the good work of Temperance has lifted his little head in the town of Woburn, and, like a frog shaking a bulrush at the army of Xerxes threatens to raze our citadel to the ground, and *call all creation to the universal triumph!* Truly, the town of Woburn will be immortalized after this! and when the great triumph of Mr. Gregory's principles take place, he too will be remembered in *song*, but it will be 'the song of the drunkard.'

Our antagonist has indeed proved his moderation in one thing—he has made but a moderate use of the scriptures, and we fear the few texts that he has brought forward will not hasten on his 'triumph.' Triumph! ay, there would be a triumph if Mr. Gregory could succeed in overthrowing the glorious cause which he attacks—murder and arson lead the van in this horrid array, while shaking palsy, wan and despairing widows, shrieking and starving orphans follow with the music of their cries. Apoplexy's bloated visage, inflammation's fiery eye, livid dropsy's swollen trunk, and all the ghastly train of diseases move on to swell the praises of our antagonist, and join in the universal triumph of sin and death. Look, thou humble minister of Christ—look thou professed follower of a crucified Saviour, and behold the work which you have wrought. These are the fruits of your philanthropy—and this is the mildewed creation, where shrieking madness and widow's wails swell your 'universal triumph!'

EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

BANGOR JOURNAL. We acknowledge the receipt from the 'Editorial Committee' of a 'Prospectus of a new weekly paper to be entitled THE BANGOR JOURNAL of Literature, Science, Morals, and Religion.' The following is the body of the Prospectus.

'A LARGE portion of the field which this paper is designed to occupy is entirely new and uncleared. Other and very familiar topics it aspires to treat in a manner at least equal to that of our worthy neighbors. In addition therefore to the usual expectation of a distinct avowal of principles, on such an occasion, some little

patience on the part of our readers may, we hope, be anticipated while we briefly detail our particular objects.]

Generally—we aim to represent with fairness, the varied interests of Bangor and the State of Maine in Literature, Morals and Religion, at the point of advancement to which they have attained, and to promote their further progress.

Separate journals, already established, may be thought, we are aware, to advocate these interests in some respects. In so far as this is the case we shall not be found to intrude within the sphere of those journals. Whatever an occasional sentence or paragraph has done for Literature, Science or the Arts, in our respectable existing papers, we shall still desire to see done, and better done. Whatever fair and well principled attention has been bestowed on Commerce and Morals, in our political Journals, we are anxious should be continued and enlarged: and whatever broad and truly Catholic views of Religion and its paramount claims are exhibited by the Religious Newspapers, in conjunction with the party purposes of the particular sects of the State, we shall wish to see expanded and become popular. But we have no Journal in the State which combines these objects and interests: none which affords sufficient prominence to its *Literature* and *Science* (however infantile) to its fields and objects of Scientific research; to higher views of Commerce and the Moral Principles of Legislation and public Manners. We have no religious Journal that can afford to be, none which, to answer the good purposes it now subserves, an organ of important particular interests, perhaps, ought to be anti-sectarian.

We have assigned to Literature a prominent place in our Journal, under the impression that it is not only the best ornament of life, and most reasonable entertainment of leisure hours, but that it is one of the most important checks upon the intemperate pursuit of gain, and of pleasure: and we seek to combine the contributions of men who know both what American Literature is, and what it might be. In place of the empty and degenerate Literature which occupies so much of the time of the youthful part of our society and tends to unfit them for all the serious duties of life, we shall endeavor to cultivate a taste for standard authors, foreign and domestic. We shall seek to lead them to the fountains of Philosophy and Literary Taste; to the wells of English undefiled; and to a just appreciation of the works of an Irving, a Bryant, Halleck, Dana, Verplanck; a Miss Sedgwick, Sigourney, Child and Gould, as constituting a National Literature of which we may well be proud.

Provision has also been made for a Scientific department. In Religion there can be (strictly speaking) no discoveries. In Politics the endless novelties (as they are thought) have already secured to themselves more than abundant advocates. But in this leading department of human pursuits—the Mixed and Applied Sciences, *discovery* is at once the stimulus and the stamina; and largely has the sphere of human knowledge been dilated, by Scientific Journalism—which, moreover is every year adding innumerable conveniences to domestic life, and furnishing most legitimate objects of commercial enterprise, drawn directly from the researches of the chemist, the mineralogist, the geologist; and every branch of natural philosophy. If journals had not familiarized these discoveries to the public where had been the Lightning Conductor, the Safety Lamp, the Steam Engine, or the Rail-road of modern times?

MAINE presents on its whole surface one of the amplest spheres, and some of the richest promises of philosophical research. Other sciences that demand attention will occur, we doubt not, to the reflecting reader, but at all events we have here, an unexplored Geology and Mineralogy, an unsystematised Botany, an uncultivated Horticulture, an infant Agriculture. All men can observe the leading facts of these and other sciences; the value of scientific works, and especially of the Journals of Science, consists in giving such observances a powerful and useful direction: in concentrating them; in becoming the central lens of a community, which while it unites gives a new power to personal observations and pursuits. It will be a part of our plan to introduce by means of wood and other cuts, correct diagrams and illustrations of scientific facts and discoveries.

It is with the Morals *only* of public questions, and the greater National Interests, in political affairs, that we shall at all connect ourselves. But particular attention will be paid to all those enterprises for the Reformation of Society which are conformed in their principles, methods and objects to the dictates of sound reason and the Holy Scriptures. Receiving the Bible as the rule both of our faith and practice we shall firmly apply its principles to the judgment of the various projects which at the present day solicit the patronage of the public; thus hoping to discover the middle way of a rational and scriptural philanthropy,

equally remote from a selfish indifference to human welfare on the one hand, and a wild and extravagant zeal on the other.

‘Highly however as we estimate the causes of the public welfare already enumerated, we should be untrue to the puritan parentage of New England if we did not regard Religion as of paramount importance. We esteem it one of our first duties and one which every good citizen is called on to render to his country, to discountenance the frivolous scepticism and infidelity which prevail to such an alarming extent, and which tend so far as they prevail to undermine the foundations of our happiness. To vindicate the divine origin of our Religion therefore, to show its benign tendencies; to inculcate a hearty belief in its heavenly doctrines, a strict obedience to its pure precepts, and a reverential observance of its hallowed ordinances and Institutions, together with a practical exhibition of its benevolent spirit; are objects in which we shall most ardently engage according to the measure of our ability.

‘The progress of Education in all our higher Seminaries will be another object of our solicitude; we shall report their proceedings and those of learned bodies, generally: insert principal documents of Ecclesiastical, National, and State History, and give a brief digest of public occurrences, civil and religious.’

It is to be ‘Edited by Rev. T. Curtis, assisted by a Committee of Literary gentlemen,’ and is expected to appear in the course of the month of May. Terms, two dollars per annum in advance, or two dollars and a half if paid after the first quarter.

RIGHTS OF FOREIGN AUTHORS. The following memorial was presented to the Senate of the United States by Mr. Clay

Address of certain Authors of GREAT BRITAIN to the Senate of the United States in Congress assembled, respectfully showing;

The authors of Great Britain have long been exposed to injury, in their reputation and property, from the want of a law by which the exclusive right of their respective writings may be secured to them in the United States of America.

That for want of such a law, deep and extensive injuries have of late been inflicted on their reputation and property, and on the interests of literature and science, which ought to constitute a bond of union and friendship between the United States and Great Britain.

That from the circumstance of the English language being common to both nations, the works of British authors are extensively read throughout the United States of America, while the profits arising from the sale of their works may be wholly appropriated by American booksellers, not only without the consent of the authors, but even contrary to their express desire—a grievance under which they have, at present, no redress.

That the works thus appropriated by American booksellers are liable to be mutilated and altered at the pleasure of the said booksellers, or of any other persons who may have an interest in reducing the price of the works, or in conciliating the supposed principles or prejudices or purchasers, in the respective sections of your Union; and that the names of the authors being retained, they may be made responsible for works which they no longer recognize as their own.

That such mutilation and alteration, with the retention of the authors’ names, have been of late actually perpetrated by citizens of the United States, under which grievances such authors have at present no redress.

That certain authors of Great Britain have recently made an effort in defence of their literary reputation and property, by declaring a respectable firm of publishers in New York to be the sole authorized possessors and issuers of the said works, and by publishing in certain American newspapers their authority to this effect.

That the object of the said authors has been defeated by the act of certain persons, citizens of the United States, who have unjustly published, for their own advantage, the works sought to be thus protected: under which grievance the said authors have at present no redress.

That American authors are injured by the non-existence of the desired law: while American publishers can provide themselves with works for publication, by unjust appropriation, instead of by equitable purchase, they are under no inducement to afford to American authors a fair remuneration for their labors, under which grievance American authors have no redress, but in sending over their works to England to be published—an expedient which has become an

established practice with some, of whom their country has most reason to be proud.

That the American public is injured by the non-existence of the desired law. The American public suffers not only from the discouragement afforded to native authors, as above stated, but from the uncertainty now existing as to whether the books presented to them as the works of British authors, are the actual and complete productions of the writers whose names they bear.

That, in proof of the evil complained of, the case of Walter Scott might be referred to, as stated by an esteemed citizen of the United States; that while the works of this author, dear alike to your country and to ours, were read from Maine to Georgia, from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, he received no remuneration from the American public for his labors; that an equitable remuneration might have saved his life, and would, at least, have relieved its closing years from the burden of debts and destructive toils.

That deeply impressed with the conviction that the only firm ground of friendship between nations is a strict regard to simple justice, the undersigned earnestly request the Senate of the United States, in Congress assembled, speedily to use, in behalf of the authors of Great Britain, their power of securing to the authors the exclusive right to their respective writings.

Thomas Moore,
I. D'Israeli,
Benj. D'Israeli,
Amelia Opie,
Thomas Campbell,
Charles Lyell,
Harriet Martineau,
Mary Somersville,
Henry H. Milman,
Peter Mark Roget, M. D.
Maria Edgeworth,
J. Bostock, M. D.
Henry Hallam,
Edmund Lodge, Norroy,
J. N. Talfourd, M. P.
Edward Lytton Bulwer, M. P.
Marguerite Blessington,
J. P. Potter,
Charles McFarlane,
Wm. Kirby,
Thomas Carlyle,
J. S. H. Pardoe,
T. S. Grimshawe,
Charles White,
Henry Lytton Bulwer,
Samuel Rogers,
Thomas Chalmers,
Charles Bell,
Grenville T. Temple,

Thomas Keightley,
Wm. Howitt,
Mary Howitt,
S. C. Hall,
Anna Maria Hall,
J. Montgomery,
Joanna Baillie,
M. M. Mitford,
Allan Cunningham,
Charles Babbage,
L. Bonaparte,
G. P. R. James,
Wm. Buckland,
Wm. Prout, M. D.
J. C. Loudon,
Maria Calcott,
G. Griffin,
Henry F. Chorley,
W. Whewell,
Edward Tagart, F. G. S.
Emeline C. E. Stuart Wortley,
Anne Marsh,
Rob. Mutchison,
Rev. Prof. Vaughan, D. D. Glasgow,
The Rev G. Skinner, Cambridge University, Eng.
J. H. Caunter,
Robert Southey.

AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE. It is announced in the last number of this excellent periodical 'that an arrangement has been made with ROBERT M. BIRD, Esq. of Philadelphia, to become associate editor, with Mr. Hoffman and Mr. Benjamin.' It will, therefore, be published simultaneously at Boston, New York and Philadelphia. The Magazine has received a great acquisition in Dr. Bird, who has attained a name and reputation, of which his country may justly be proud. The publishers have, by this arrangement, taken an important step towards the advancement of their own interest, as well as of our national literature. In making the foregoing announcement, they say that they 'have ever desired to make their work worthy of the countenance and favor which will best enable them to carry out their objects to an influential extent—to give the work a broad American character, so, that, as a legitimate representation of national thought and feeling, and not the organ of a mere section of country, it may enlist the good will of men of taste and talent in all parts of the United States.' They

also state that they are making arrangements to procure contributors from every section of the Union. We trust that such efforts, coupled with the already high character of their work, will tend to ensure the most liberal encouragement.

THE FAMILY MAGAZINE. Boston. Otis, Broaders & Co. This useful publication, though scarce a year old, has attained an unprecedented circulation. The publishers say that they have TWENTY THREE THOUSAND subscribers! *Ma conscience*, and they do farther say that there are *fifty* reasons why a person should subscribe for it. They are *about half* right. We really believe that we could adduce as many reasons, and good ones, too, why the MAINE MONTHLY should have an enormous run. As the public are already aware that *we* are an exceedingly modest man, they will, of course, excuse us from giving them at present, and as we intend, 'wind and weather'—no, subscribers and correspondents—'permitting', at the commencement of our next volume to 'open *plenty large*.' There's no mistake about it; Maine must do the handsome thing, if we have been obliged to coax her a year. *Nous Verrons*.

This 'Family Magazine' is really one of the most useful periodicals of the day. Here we have a bit of history, biography, natural history, geography, household economy, agriculture, the arts, poetry, &c, &c, matter well calculated to please, interest and instruct all classes of society. Almost every subject is illustrated by wood-cuts, many in number; forty pages of excellent matter, and all for *one dollar fifty cents* a year. There, gentlemen, you owe us one.

THE ORION is the title of a neat family paper just commenced at Portland by our friend EDWARDS, formerly of the 'Advertiser.' The first number looks well and reads well, containing among other good things, a story by one of our correspondents, who, if we mistake not, 'bows' in another part of the paper. If 'Doctor Tonic' is ensconced in the chair editorial, the enterprising publisher has done a good thing for himself, and the public. 'The Orion' will contain, besides weightier matters, lots of fun while the author of 'Mrs. Sykes' and 'Mr. Tibbs' contributes to its columns. The enterprize of its proprietor and publisher is, of itself, a sufficient guaranty of success.

Since writing the above, it has been intimated to us that Mr. Edwards is to be assisted in the editorial department by another of our valued correspondents, 'Rolla.' So much the better, if friend Edwards does not abstract their labors entirely from our pages.

THE MONUMENT. The twenty third number of this well conducted and neat quarto contains a pretty engraving of the Patapsco Female Institute, at Ellicotts Mills, Md. and a piece of Music. We like the 'Monument' too well to dispense with its visits three out of every four weeks. They should be like *creditors'* visits as to frequency, though we would not, for the world, intimate that those of the Monument are similar in any respect to the latter. So, please to remember us, Mr. Monument, every week.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS. As some delay has been occasioned by not receiving the favors of our correspondents in proper season, we would respectfully request each and all of them hereafter to forward their articles at the *earliest possible* date. Some of them have almost forget us—shall we not hear from them soon? To those who have promised to contribute to our pages and have not, we would say,—Why wait ye?